

THE ROTARIAN

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This Month's Leading Features

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

By GUY GUNDAKER

WHAT IS THE REAL MISSION OF ROTARY?

By WILLIAM MOFFATT, F. Z. S.

THE LITTLE TIN GODLETS

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

INHIBITION AND STIMULATION

By BOYD H. DAPPERT

THE THINKING PART

By JOSEPH LISTER RUTLEDGE

BOYS' WEEK: A NEW CHAPTER IN CIVICS

By ROGER H. MOTTEN





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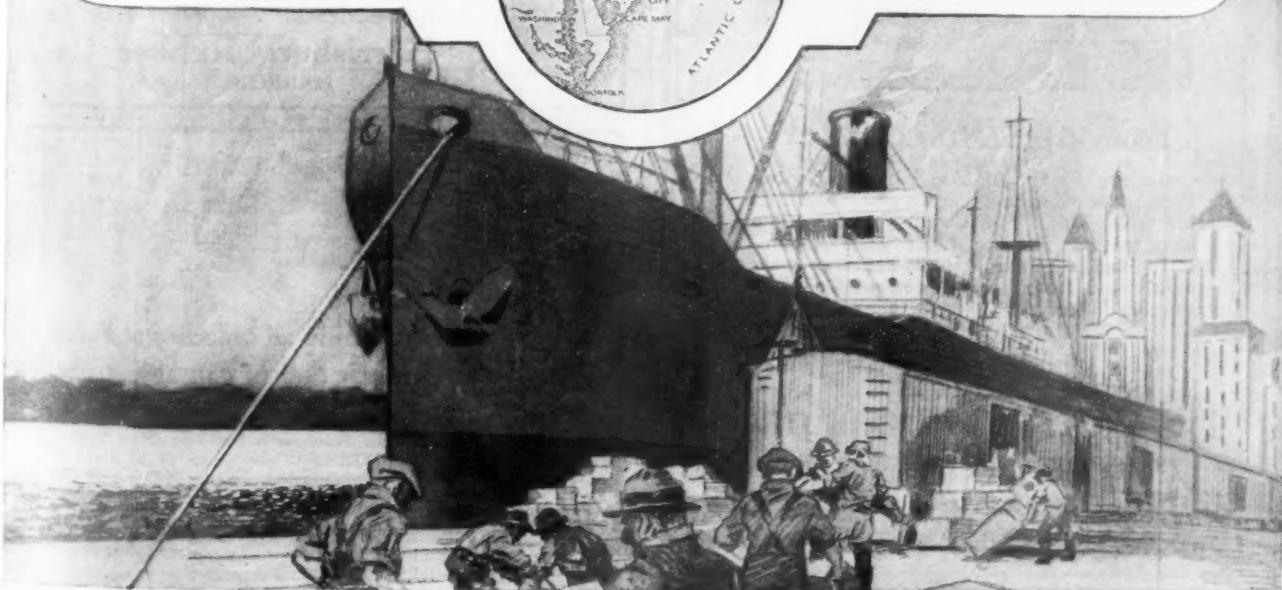
Newark, N. J.

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Officers and Directors of Rotary International: *President*, GUY GUNDAKER, Philadelphia, Pa.; *First Vice-President*, EVERETT W. HILL, Oklahoma City, Okla.; *Second Vice-President*, JOHN BAIN TAYLOR, London, Eng.; *Third Vice-President*, FRANK H. LAMB, Hoquiam, Wash. *Directors*: BENJAMIN C. BROWN, New Orleans, La.; JOHN J. GIBSON, Toronto, Ontario; FRANK H. HATFIELD, Evansville, Ind.; CHARLES RHODES, Auckland, N. Z.; ANTHONY W. SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa. *Secretary*, CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago; *Treasurer*, RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago.

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To Be a Dad

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Illustration by A. H. Winkler

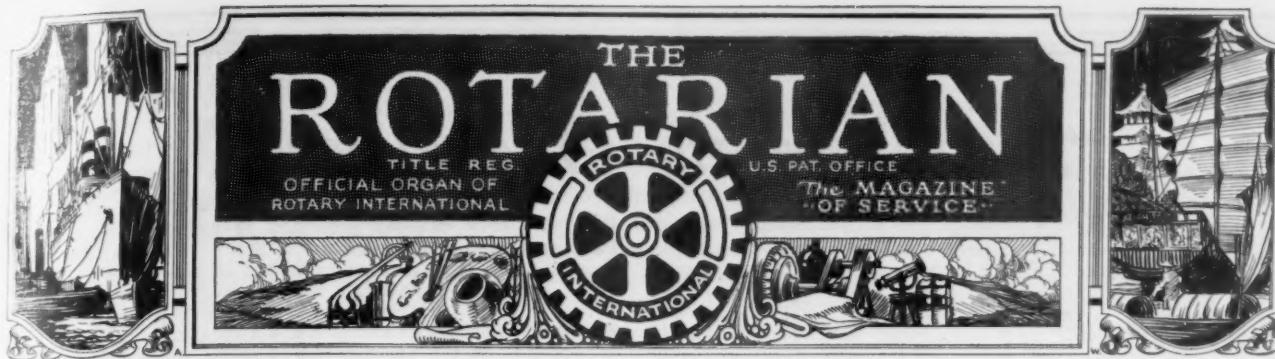
GO out and spend a day with him,
And stray with him
Some woodland path where birds
and things
Are flying by on happy wings.
There are so many things to see,
The grass, the rocks, the brook, the tree,
So answer ev'ry what and why—
And, if you can,
O mighty man,
Then you're a smarter man than I!

Go out and take a walk with him,
And talk with him
Of wonders on the avenue,
The things they build, the things they do.
There are so many matters great
For comrades to investigate,
So tell him why and tell him what,
And figure out
What they're about,
And both of you will learn a lot.

Go out awhile and fare with him,
And share with him
The busy world of wonders found
By anyone who looks around.
There are so many things a lad
Would really like to ask his dad,
There are so many days of joy
In meadows sweet
Or city street
Just waiting for a man and boy!

His dad is very dear to him,
Get near to him
And share his work and share his play
And help him all along the way.
There are so many ways for one
To be the father of a son,
And yet I'm sure the very best
Is just to be
His pal, you see—
You needn't fret about the rest.

A. H. WINKLER



The Spirit of Service

By Charles R. Boyce

WHEN an organization has survived for eighteen years there is usually some very good reason for its existence. It is not difficult to discover the reason for Rotary. Back of its royal good fellowship and foremost in its activities is the spirit of service. Rotary did not discover this great principle, but it has been most active in emphasizing service in its code and in the character of its membership.

All around us we find examples of service. At eventide, Edison says "Let me light your home," and at the touch of a button there comes a blaze of light that rivals the day. Our corner grocery delivers to us the produce of the world. The engineer moves mountains for our accommodation. These men are our servants. Some of them have received large financial rewards, but that is incidental. It is the service they have rendered which makes them great. They have made the world a better and happier place.

A tourist was walking through an old country churchyard in England, when he discovered, almost hidden by the kindly ivy, a plain slab of stone bearing this epitaph:

Here lies a miser who lived for himself,
And cared for nothing but gathering pelf.
Now, where he is or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Perhaps this sentiment might be appropriate for millions who have lived before and since, but it is rare that friends are frank enough to say it in stone. The same tourist later visited St. Paul's cathedral and observed a plain but massive statue beneath which was the inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of

General Charles George Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God.

What a difference between those two records!

When we are born, a mother must travel to the very edge of life. The first few years

of our lives are made up wholly of services rendered to us. When we enter school, we have the benefit of the experience of all the ages. Yet with all the service rendered us, how often do we forget the service we owe.

WHEN we quote the doctrine of Rotary let us not place on it the interpretation that he who serves best will receive the most money. It may result that way, but a life rewarded with money alone is like the child that receives a little tinsel card as a reward of merit. Here is one man who takes bright-colored paints and covers a shoddy toy simply to make it sell. Another takes paint and with a skilful hand transfers a masterly conception to the canvas. The man who makes cheap toys may eventually become a millionaire—the artist may not even have his name on the income list. But in the final evaluation of service, the artist's name will be written in raised letters on the tablets of the world's memory.

To fulfill the real spirit of service will cost something. A few years ago the officials of a great trans-continental railway system had to make a hurried trip over their line. A train was made up and one of the oldest engineers was assigned to take them over the rails. Mile after mile sped by. Suddenly there was a tightening of brakes—then a crash. The officials in the rear car hurried forward. They found the faithful engineer pinned under his cab. The railroad president pushed his way as near him as possible. He heard the engineer faintly repeating with painful effort, "For I know He whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." With tear-dimmed eyes, the president said, "Jim, I'd give all this world for a faith like that." And Jim smiled faintly and answered, "Mr. President, that's just what it cost me."

Whatever it costs, let us pledge ourselves anew—that the spirit of service shall be in our every act.

"Just Among Ourselves—"

THE descending gavel of Rotary's international President symbolizes both the passing of another Rotary year and new opportunities knocking at Rotary's door. It has been a wonderful year in Rotary and one in which, we believe, your magazine has made progress. Just how much we leave to the judgment of the reader—for, after all, it is the reader for whom we are working and in so far as we produce a magazine each month that gives you articles and other features that are constructive—that are interesting—that gives the worth-while happenings of the organization—that passes along suggestions which you may utilize in your business or profession—in the same proportion as we do or do not render this service, do we succeed or fail. Hundreds of letters and written and printed comments of a favorable nature, with very few critical letters, lead us to believe that we may not be very far off the road in our endeavor to select only the best for our readers.

* * *

Many articles by noted writers on timely and important questions will appear during the coming months. We will continue our series of articles dealing with the inception and growth of Rotary in various countries where clubs have been organized. One of this series to appear early in the fall will deal with Rotary in France. Edward W. Bok, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a man who has had a very important part in the building of a great business institution around a great magazine, contributes an article for THE ROTARIAN that we predict will create widespread discussion. It is a forceful exposition of "Tomorrow's Business Man," and will appear in an early number. Another feature that we are happy to announce is an article dealing with Mussolini and the Italian situation, by James Roe, a member of the Rotary Club of New York City, who has had an exceptional opportunity to observe the work of one of the most interesting figures in European affairs. Arthur Mason, whose voyages have provided material for many good tales of ships and crews, will have one of his delightful stories in an early number—"The Mate of the *Lizzie Reagan*."

* * *

The August Number will be largely devoted to the Toronto Convention—many of the principal addresses—legislation—running story of the sessions—and pictures of prominent visitors and events.

* * *

The success of the new department which we started several months ago, "Among Our Letters," has far exceeded our most ardent hopes. It is providing an admirable medium for the exchange of opinions on Rotary. We will keep it a forum or "free-for-all," the only limits being the number of contestants that we can get into one ring.

* * *

WHO'S WHO—IN THIS NUMBER

The report of the man who holds the highest office in the power of an organization to bestow is always of great interest to the members, so we made unusual efforts to present President Guy Gundaker's report to the Toronto Convention in this number. President Guy returned from the conference of the clubs of Great Britain and Ireland at Torquay, England, with just enough time to devote a few days to his business affairs, address a few Rotary clubs, and arrive in Toronto for the opening of the convention.

William Moffatt contributes to this number his third article on "What Is the Real Mission of

Rotary?" Few articles presented in recent years have created the wide discussion that has resulted from his first two articles presented in this magazine. Rotarian Moffatt is a member of the Rotary Club of Leeds, England, and is immediate past chairman of District Council No. 4 (Yorkshire). He is secretary of the Scottish Life Assurance Society, Ltd. His Rotary experience during the past five years has been varied; it has included service on two committees of the R. I. B. I.; chairman of his district; and during that period he has spoken before thirty different clubs on seventy-four occasions, and organized twenty-seven clubs.

Ellis Parker Butler has written for this number an article that has a mixture of humor and philosophy that you will not want to miss. "The Little Tin Godlets"—read it—and if you feel the urge write a letter—this is an invitation, more details of which are printed on page 13.

Joseph Lister Rutledge ("The Thinking Part") is an associate editor on McLeans Magazine. He is a graduate of Toronto University, and while his career has been mostly along journalistic lines, it has included considerable business training as a buyer in the Southern states of the U. S. A., for a wholesale fruit house, and several years on the road as a traveling salesman. All this background of experience is used to good advantage in his short story this month.

Boyd H. Dappert ("Inhibition and Stimulation") is a member of the Rotary Club of Taylorville, Illinois. He has held the post of local Scoutmaster for many years. President E. A. Purcell of the Taylorville Rotary Club writes, "I am commissioned by unanimous vote of our club to forward his manuscript to THE ROTARIAN—the author lives exactly what he teaches."

Charles R. Boyce ("The Spirit of Service") is secretary of the Harker Pottery Company of East Liverpool, Ohio, and a member of the Rotary Club of East Liverpool. The article is adapted from an address delivered by Rotarian Harker before his club on the occasion of the Eighteenth Anniversary meeting of the founding of Rotary . . . Arthur E. Roberts ("Who Is Your Caddy's Friend") is a former director of Boys Work for the Chicago District Golf Association. He is now Scout Executive of the Cincinnati Council of the Boy Scouts and a member of the Rotary Club of Cincinnati . . .

Roger H. Motten ("Boys Week: A New Chapter in Civics") is assistant secretary at Rotary Headquarters, Chicago, in charge of Boys Work. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of Colorado Springs, Colo., and past governor of the former Twenty-first District . . . A. Carman Smith ("Let's Take Rotary With Us!") is a member of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles with the classification of "advertising" and he is president of the Smith & Ferris Company, advertising counsellors . . . David Avery ("Rotary—Biologically Speaking") is a consulting chemical and metallurgical engineer of Melbourne, Australia, and a member of the Rotary Club of Melbourne . . . Douglas Malloch, popularly termed "poet of the woods," an after-dinner speaker well known to Rotary clubs, is back with us again this month with a poem "To Be a Dad" that is sure to strike a responsive chord with every reader . . .

David R. King, journalist and interviewer, contributes another interesting biographical sketch to our "Unusual Stories of Unusual Men."



"YOU first assume the mask of Rotary; you participate in its grand fellowship; you listen to its ideals; you read its literature; you translate its high business standards into daily practices in your life; you attune your lives to the martial strain of service, your hearts to universal fellowship; and lo! there is evolved the Rotarian, skilled, capable and anxious to serve. Rotary with him is no longer a mask, no longer a veneer, but a reflection of his soul."

—Guy Gundaker.



Annual Address of President

*Delivered before the Rotary Convention at
Toronto, Canada, on Tuesday morning, June 17th*

Abraham Lincoln said, "Pray for me for divine guidance, without which I cannot be successful, and with which I cannot fail."

These words were addressed by Mr. Lincoln to a committee conferring with him just before the assembly of Congress for the consideration of many great problems.

The importance of our annual gathering in Rotary suggests this remark of Abraham Lincoln as a very pertinent thought for your president to express to you this morning. To my mind, no great movement seeking a great good can succeed unless those who have been placed in its leadership approach their official action with a deep sense of their responsibility and overwhelming consciousness of the need of divine help in guiding their actions.

"Pray for me for divine guidance, without which I cannot be successful, and with which I cannot fail."

On Friday, June 22, 1923, at the St. Louis convention, you honored me with an election to the office of president of Rotary International. I deeply appreciate this mark of friendship and confidence, and also its implied compliment that you believed I could worthily serve Rotary.

I have steadfastly tried to deserve your faith in me, and have devoted practically all of my waking hours this year in the performance of my duty.

Now, at the close of my term, overwhelmed by the love, support, and cooperation you have given me, I find myself unable to adequately convey my gratefulness. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for your goodness and loving kindness to me, and also, for the great privilege accorded me of being your president.

It is becoming, at the close of an ad-

By GUY GUNDAKER

ministration, to contemplate the composite Rotary thought and Rotary activities of the year, with the hope that in such contemplation one will be able to venture a forecast of the future trend of Rotary.

As I reviewed in my mind the wonderful evolution of the Rotary idea during the past ten years, its widening assumption of new spheres of service, its enlarged vision,—I realized that any such forecast must needs be limited to the very immediate future.

As a background for my opinion and my sincere conviction of its truth, may I tell you that during this year, I have visited and conferred with earnest Rotarians in thirty-three different districts of Rotary International, and with Rotarians in the British national unit. I have corresponded with Rotarians in all parts of the world.

In all such conferences and correspondence, I have sought to find the answer to the question: "What is Rotary's greatest opportunity for service?"

It is most striking that the answer to my query has shown that Rotarians believe that Rotary's destiny is found in the Sixth Object of Rotary—namely, "the establishment of a world fellowship of business and professional men, united in the Rotary ideal of service."

A WORLD fellowship, while necessarily contingent on the extent and successful establishment of Rotary in all the nations of the world, is likewise contingent on the correctness of the standards of business practice of the non-privileged to enter that fellowship.

Until men meet on the common ground of correct business methods, there can be no world fellowship of business men. Let me, therefore, ex-

press my conclusion, on the interrelation of these facts just noted, that the major Rotary activity for the immediate future will be an increasing and unceasing activity for better business methods and their standardization in codes of ethics.

In countries where crafts are organized with great national associations, the greatest opportunity for achievement will be found in Rotary's campaign for written codes of correct standards of business practice.

Rotary has set its hand to the plow for correct business methods. Those who plow, go straight on their course, always fixing their gaze on the distant goal. Our goal is a code for every business and profession. It rests with the individual Rotarian to say how soon the plowmen complete their task.

Resolution No. 1, passed at the St. Louis convention, made business methods and Rotary's campaign for codes of standards of correct practice for each business and profession the major activity for the year. The Rotarian's part in the campaign is to inspire crafts to write and adopt codes of standards of correct practice,—the actual code-writing to be done by committees appointed by the officers of state and national associations.

No great movement such as the campaign for codes comes to fruition in a brief space of years. It must of necessity be a great continuing activity. There are four stages apparent:

First: Arousing an interest among business men in ethical business methods, and creating a desire for standardization of business conduct.

Second: The belief that conduct can only be standardized when each craft has a written code of standards of correct practice, completely covering all of the business relations, and ex-

pressed as "Shall" and "Shall not" rules of conduct.

Third: The writing and adoption of written codes by great national associations,—and

Fourth: The translation of rules of conduct into business action by the respective members of the craft.

AS regards the first stage,—selling the idea:

In my inaugural address at St. Louis I said, "In my opinion, Rotary's most lasting contribution to the world will be found in the realm of business—in the making of a happier, more contented, more kindly, more cooperative, and more honorable business world." Note particularly the last phrase, "a more honorable business world," for in the achievement of a more honorable business world, you have the solution for all the other betterments sought. With an honorable business world, happiness, contentment, kindness, and cooperation must and will prevail.

With correct business methods, employers and employees will establish cordial, friendly, intimate relations with each other; efficiency will become commonplace, and production will meet the needs of the day.

With correct business methods, competition will lose its sordid strife and rest its results on the higher vantage of the quantity and quality of service.

With correct business methods, the world will save the great economic waste in cost in money of litigation and collection of accounts; in cost of time, in contention over specifications and contracts; in cost of health, and sometimes life itself, in the strain imposed by unethical business practices.

With correct business methods, the relation of the business with the purchasing public—its prospective patron—will lose its cupidity on the one hand, its distrust on the other.

And finally, with correct business methods, world-wide, the business men of all nations, meeting on this common ground, will establish great international friendships and good will—friendships which will harbinger everlasting peace.

Fellow-Rotarians, in correct business methods, the world is offered a panacea for many of its ills.

As regards the second stage, where the idea of ethical standardization develops into a craft belief that a written code is necessary, great progress is shown.

The growth of this belief is based on certain facts which Rotary has presented to all who are considering code-writing. Aside from the beneficial effect of codes on the business world, one of the ultimate objects of written

Convention Report

IT is an unusual privilege to be able to present so soon after the convention the remarkable address of International President Guy Gundaker, delivered before the convention on Tuesday morning, which is printed as the leading feature in this number.

As heretofore, the August issue of THE ROTARIAN will be the Convention Number. Preparations have been made to secure all of the addresses and reports and present just as many in the August Number as is possible to do in the time between the convention and the press date.

codes is to standardize conduct so that all fellow-craftsmen in any line of business can compete with one another on an equality of opportunity. Where men compete on different business standards, there is no equality of opportunity.

Likewise, competition between men of different standards of business methods is unfair competition. To illustrate this unfairness, the business man who provides his workmen with right wages, reasonable hours of service, sanitary workrooms, and conveniences, etc., and who maintains high ethical standards in all of his business relations, has a much higher overhead and cost of production than those who are delinquent in such business virtues. Again, when he seeks to make sales on the right basis of qualities of products, delivery and efficient service, he is oftentimes in competition with those who base sales on unethical allowances, rebates, commercial bribery, and many other dishonest methods.

Standardization of right conduct will destroy unfair competition, and written codes of rules of conduct provide the only way for such standardization. When business men compete on a common ground of high business standards sales will be made on the basis of service, and then that paradox of the imagination—cooperative competition—will be a reality.

As regards the third stage—the writing and adopting of codes—although Rotary's campaign is but three years old, the movement has gained a wonderful momentum. Many codes have been written and adopted, and many more are in process. Most of the codes written since 1921, or in process, are the result of Rotary inspiration.

Where direct Rotary inspiration is not conclusively shown, one generally finds that the initial impetus to rewrite or amend has come from the contagion of code-writing in other organizations. It is common knowledge that there is a great movement among business organ-

izations in code-writing along new lines, the new type of code completely covering all of the relations in our modern complex business life, and written in accordance with new scientific methods of expression.

It is absolutely indisputable that the present movement in code-writing originated in Rotary. In my opinion, the greatest contribution made by Rotary in its code campaign is the insistence that codes must be made up of rules of conduct expressed as "Shall" or "Shall not." Those codes not written as rules of conduct, nor expressed as "Shall" or "Shall not" fail to accomplish the purpose for which they were written—namely, the standardization of conduct.

No organization with complete knowledge of this movement, or the public sentiment back of it, can long withstand the insistence of its membership that it appoint a committee to write an adequate code of standards of correct practice.

At the writing of this report, twenty-eight codes adopted this year have been received at Rotary headquarters. Do you find, with me, great joy over this result? Surely the adoption of these new codes will leaven a large section of the business world.

Where codes have been prepared by committees of national or state organizations, Rotarian members of such organizations should work with great earnestness and enthusiasm to have such proposed codes adopted at the earliest possible moment.

AS regards the fourth stage — the translation of codes of rules of conduct into business action by the respective members of the craft:

In my own experience with the actualization of correct conduct through codes, I am impressed with the fact that, while the process is a growth and is more difficult in some businesses than in others, the written code becomes a force in guiding conduct sooner than either its authors or its promoters anticipate.

Many reasons may be advanced in favor of the written code, but none is more cogent than the fact that a written code helps men to think clearly and correctly, and to act honorably. A code not only helps those whose business has been conducted with probity and integrity, by confirming the correctness of their business practices and strengthening their wills to continue in the right, but it also serves to provide specific information and an incentive for those who unfortunately have not had the advantage of ethical training. Lastly, it provides exact statements of correct business practice for many honorable business men who lack facility of expression when telling their business

standards to either their employees or to the public.

There is a little story which I noted in one of the district governor's bulletins, which illustrates this point.

This district governor, being detained at a junction point waiting for a belated train connection, inquired if there was some place where he could get something to eat. He was referred to a little waffle house down the street. There he found good waffles, pure maple sugar, fine butter, an inviting place of business, and polite and serviceable attention.

As he was going out, he noticed on the top of the cashier's desk a number of pamphlets. He picked one up. It was the code of ethics of the National Restaurant Association. Turning to the proprietor, he said: "Are you a member of the National Restaurant Association?" The proprietor answered, "Oh, no; that's made up of the big fellows in the eating business. I'm only a little waffle man. For the past ten years, I've wanted to tell the public in this town what I stood for in the conduct of my business. I have wanted to tell them how I treat my employees, how I purchase my goods, how I try to give good service, but I was never able to express the thoughts which I had. In one of the magazines, I found this code, and when I read it, I found in it all of the things that I had been trying to do and trying to tell, so I sent to their headquarters and bought three hundred copies, which I am distributing to my patrons so that they may know what my ethical standards are, and what rules I am willing to be judged by."

The little waffle man is not the only man in the business world who has been unable to convey to his public his standards of practice and I have no doubt that there are many other men who today are distributing recently

adopted codes to their patrons for the same reason as he did.

Codes cannot be taken on, the same way as one puts on one's coat. One has to grow in ethical training, just as one has to grow into being a Rotarian. There is a story by Max Beerbohm which I have used in illustrating how men become Rotarians, but it is equally applicable in the making of ethical business men through written codes.

THE story records some incidents in the life of a noted man of the world, Lord George Hell.

Lord George had led an evil life. He had been a drunkard, a gambler, and a cheat in business, and his face reflected the life that he had led. It was an ugly, evil face.

One day, he fell in love with a simple country girl, to whom he proposed marriage. Jenny Mere told him that she could never marry a man whose face was so repulsive and so evil-looking; that when she did marry, she wanted a man with a saint-like face, which was the mirror of true love.

Following a custom of the day, Lord George went down to Mr. Aeneas in Bond Street, London. Aeneas made waxen masks for people, and his art was so great that the person's identity was completely hidden. As proof of his skill, it is said that many spendthrift debtors, equipped with his masks, could pass among their creditors unrecognized.

Aeneas went to his storeroom, selected a mask, heated it over a lamp, fixed it to Lord George's face, and when Lord George looked in the glass, he had the face of a saint who loved dearly. So altered was his appearance that Jenny Mere was soon wooed and won.

He bought a little cottage in the country, almost hidden in an arbor of roses, with a tiny garden plot. From then on, his entire life changed. He

became interested in nature; he found sermons in stones, books in brooks, and good in everything. Formerly, he was *blasé* and life had no interest for him; now, he was engrossed in kindness, and the world around him. He was not content with starting life anew, but tried to make amends for the past. Through a confidential solicitor, he restored his ill-gotten gains to those whom he had cheated. Each day brought new refinements to his character, more beautiful thoughts to his soul.

By accident, his former companions discovered his identity. They visited him in his garden, and urged him to return to his old life. When he refused, he was attacked, and the mask torn from his face.

He hung his head. Here was the end of all; here was the end of his new-found life and of his love dream. As he stood with bowed head, with the mask at his feet on the grass, his wife rushed across the garden and threw herself on her knees in front of him. When she looked up at him, what do you suppose she found? Lo! Line for line, feature for feature, the face was the same as that of the mask.

There is no doubt that the life one leads, and the thoughts one thinks, stamp their impressions upon the human countenance. There is no doubt that the acceptance of religion, fraternity, or Rotary, follows the manner of Lord George's assumption of the mask.

You first assume the mask of Rotary; you participate in its grand fellowship; you listen to its ideals; you read its literature; you translate its high business standards into daily practices in your life; you attune your lives to the martial strain of service, your hearts to universal fellowship; and lo! there is evolved the Rotarian, skilled, capable and anxious to serve. Rotary with him is no (Cont'd on page 46.)

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: ROTARY INTERNATIONAL—ASSOCIATION FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

The annual conference of the Rotary clubs of Great Britain and Ireland, held at Torquay, England, on May 14-17, was attended by nearly two thousand Rotarians and their ladies, representing 135 Rotary clubs. There were visitors from many other countries, and the conference was honored by the presence of International President Guy Gundaker and Past International President Frank Mulholland. The following were the new officers elected.

President

Canon W. T. Elliott, Liverpool, Eng.

Immediate Past President

Frank Eastman, Perth, Scotland

Vice-Presidents

Charles E. White, Belfast, Ireland

Sir John Brunner, Bart., Northwich, Eng.

A. F. Graves, Brighton, Eng.

Honorary Treasurer

J. C. Innes, Leeds, Eng.

Directors

Thomas B. Barber, London, Eng.

G. Stanley Dowling, Margate, Eng.

E. J. Jenkins, Bristol, Eng.

William Logie, Glasgow, Scotland

Dr. E. H. Stancomb, Southampton, Eng.

Dr. Thos. Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland

W. H. Williams, Newport, Eng.

Secretary

Vivian Carter, London, Eng.



INTO the office of the caddy supervisor came Jimmy Brown, crying and quivering with a great emotion. Inside the door he stopped.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked the supervisor.

"He slapped me and he kicked me," came the reply.

And between sobs the little caddy explained how he couldn't help but laugh when Mr. Sureshot missed the ball on a certain stroke, and how Mr. Sureshot, in a fit of anger, had cuffed and even kicked him.

This was undoubtedly a rare instance and not at all indicative of the average golfer's attitude towards his caddy. Such physical abuse at any golf club would mean severe discipline if not a cancellation of membership for the guilty one. And Mr. Sureshot paid the penalty of his loss of self-control.

Unfortunately, the rules are not as strict in some golf clubs with regard to the infliction of moral and spiritual injuries upon the caddies. Of course the average man has no more desire to injure a boy morally, mentally, or spiritually than he has to abuse him physically, but too often the more-than-aver-

A stream of profanity.



age man is indifferent, the average man is careless, and the less-than-average man is either vicious or thinks it smart to be a—well something less than a gentleman in the presence of the younger generation.

We might as well face the fact. Caddies are in many instances compelled to submit to the oral and profane abuse of untrained and unsympathetic supervisors; their leisure time, while awaiting assignment for work, is filled with moral hazards and they engage in mischievous and vicious pursuits; they are rarely provided with decent quarters or adequate sanitary toilet facilities; they are tempted to steal balls and clubs by those who gladly purchase the stolen goods; they are hired out to golfers who bet openly and tell without caution suggestive stories. Pernicious habits thrive under such circumstances. The golfers reap a crop of arrogant, careless, indifferent, malicious caddies and society reaps a crop of untrained, misdirected, and irresponsible citizens.

Rotary is interested in boys work.

Each Rotary club is interested in some phase of boys work. Each Rotarian is presumably interested in some particular boy. Among all the interests that we have,

By ARTHUR E. ROBERTS

Illustrations by Clarence Vollmer

why can't we take a particular interest in the caddy? Every golf club has a number of Rotarians in its membership. Individually and collectively they can develop in themselves a desire to set the finest kind of example for the caddies at their golf club. They can, both by example and precept, spread this fine idea among the other members of the golf club. They can encourage the employment of caddy supervisors who are not without a knowledge of boy nature—men who react kindly to the things in which boys are interested.

They can suggest to the boys means for the profitable use of their hours of leisure. Reading rooms, opportunities to play golf, playground apparatus designed to develop the upper extremities will be found suitable. Unused portions of the golf grounds may be made available to caddies who under the direction of a gardener, could raise vegetables for home use. Other activities will suggest themselves to a qualified leader.



Always on the job!

Happy, smiling, satisfied caddies can be developed, and in turn good citizenship can be achieved as these boys grow into manhood.

A half million boys are employed each summer in the capacity of caddies. It is about the largest unorganized, underprivileged group now existent. They need our help and we can give it without very much additional effort. It seems like a challenge to the men of Rotary which should be accepted at once.

What Is the Real Mission of Rotary?

Afterthoughts

[I believe in and am enthusiastic about Boys Work. Boys Work is indisputably a necessary Rotary task: It is one of the tasks to which the Social and Paternal heart of our movement will always feel attracted, and quite rightly too. I am concerned, however, to stress that A task is not THE task or the main mission. We must not confuse secondary tasks, however necessary and important, with primary ones.—THE AUTHOR.]

THE editors of THE ROTARIAN have asked me to supplement my two previous articles on "What Is the Real Mission of Rotary?" by a further statement. Although I shrink from any further publicity and notoriety, I assent because I appreciate the honor of the hospitality of THE ROTARIAN, and because I am quite frankly amazed at the interest my discussion has excited in the United States, Canada, and France. This occasion may be allowed me to say how unworthy I feel of all the generous estimates of my thoughts expressed by overseas Rotarians. To those who agree I can only say "Thanks, fellows; shake." To those who disagree I say "Sincerity in disagreement is the mark of intellectual honesty and I respect your dissent." To those who say I contradict myself I say "Well, who has a better right to contradict me than myself?" I'm quite happy to share that human characteristic with Walt Whitman and to be equally shameless and complaisant about it." Across the world I shake hands with all my fellow-Rotarians who have written to me or about me. . . .

There are few ages that do not make some characteristic contribution to human thought and progress. Great events shape a people's thoughts, and, as man is ethically evolving, new interpretations and attitudes arise which are expressive of their time and stand like milestones along the route the feet of the race are treading. The Twentieth Century is

By WILLIAM MOFFATT, F. Z. S.

young yet, but its early years witnessed three quite extraordinary events, namely, the birth of Rotary, the War, and the subsequent establishment of the League of Nations. Historians of the future may place these events in a very different order of importance to that assigned to them at present. The League and Rotary—agree with them or not—are both redemptive and vitalizing ideas. Both are flowers growing out of the hearts of good men and are fragrant with the breath of a Hope that speaks of better things.

Do you think it will be estimated, say, thirty years hence that the advent of Rotary really was important? Will men look back to 1905 and think that a most unusual thing happened; that a great International Moral Power in the affairs of business came into being unheralded and unsung? Or will there be no tears over an untimely grave in which will rest the bones of a once-bright Hope? The answer will depend

upon the Rotarians of the next ten years. It will depend upon the rank and file more, perhaps, than upon the leaders, for in all movements of service and altruism the result depends more upon the Spirit than on the Commandments. During the next decade we ordinary Rotarians will crystallize the habits of Rotary in spite of ourselves. We found it a living and plastic thing and we are likely to leave it static and rigid. We found it full of the joy of youth, bounding with generous zeal, taking the world in its stride, too young and too lusty to brook impossibilities or to suffer chains. The fingers of Time and Tradition had not scored lines upon its brow and the unholy imp called Precedent had not caught it in the toils of vicious circles. How shall we leave it? Middle aged, with some of the fire gone? Slipping down the slope to doddering old age, there to join the crowd of antique movements whose future is behind them? Or a great world-wide Brotherhood of business and professional men who are out for the highest because they have "nobler cares?" The answer largely depends upon the Rotarian of today.

What Does Rotary Mean to You?

THE interest aroused by the two articles by Rotarian William Moffatt in the issues for January and March, indicated the possibilities of further discussion concerning the real mission of Rotary.

In this third article on the subject of Rotary's *raison d'être*, Moffatt gives you his after-thoughts. He tells you some of the things which induced him to take his stand that business methods is the chief cause for Rotary's existence. He tells you what he thinks of boys work, of fellowship, and of his critics. Without venturing on any prophecies he offers some interesting speculation as to the future character of Rotary; and without being dogmatic he invites your attention to the emphasis on business in Rotary literature. In conclusion he has something to say about good Rotarians and how one may test his own fitness for that title, for he believes that Rotary is a high calling. But what does it call to?

"Just as different ages or periods each make some unique contribution to the sum of human thought and possession," says Moffatt, "so each epochal movement lights its own separate and unmistakable torch. No society, movement, or organization lives and prospers that does not have some characteristic which more or less sharply differentiates it from other societies, movements, or organizations. It must have some special reason for existing; some unique point of appeal; some strictly individual ideal or method in order to justify its separate existence. Otherwise it is redundant. All great societies or movements are thus characterized. Each of them stands out boldly in men's minds as epitomizing some one thing, some bold idea, some unique method. When one mentions the Church, Masonry, Trade Unions, Boy Scouts, or the Y. M. C. A., one conveys at once a more or less clear idea, but what precise idea is conveyed when Rotary is mentioned? Is it boys work, or, more generally 'service above self'? Is it a pleasant fellowship, a good luncheon, or is it a new, vitalizing, and humanizing force in modern business relationships and international contacts?"

NOW, just as different ages or periods each make some unique contribution to the sum of human thought and possession, so each epochal movement lights its own separate and unmistakable torch. No society, movement, or organization lives and prospers that does not have some characteristic which more or less sharply differentiates it from other societies, movements, or organizations. It must have some special reason for existing; some unique point of appeal; some strictly individual ideal or method in order to justify its separate existence. Otherwise it is redundant. All great societies or movements are thus characterized. Each of them stands out boldly in men's minds as epitomizing

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THERE is need to find out the name of the one really great thing for which Rotary stands before all others; we must discover its real *raison d'être*; its grand passion; its main task. That it has such a main task I do not doubt. Its necessary and praiseworthy incidentals such as Boys Work, Children's Camps, Prison Work, etc., will always secondarily characterize such a living, vivid movement as Rotary, being, as they are, merely illustrations of surplus power applied to outside social factors; but these are only incidental activities. I cannot find a "main task" or a "real mission" in any of them for such an organization as Rotary. Any of these might well provide a real mission for certain other societies but not for Rotary. Rotary is *different* and even at the peril of crystallization we shall have to agree about its first essential, its common denominator.

With the need for this discovery, in my mind I turn to Rotary and I see:

First: That its ethics are specifically stated to relate to business and that each member is expected to subscribe to these ethics and to apply them to his own business.

Second: That of the Six Objects of Rotary, four apply to business, and the unescapable conclusion is that the eyes of Rotary are turned to the world-wide field of business.

Third: That of the five conditions necessary to membership, four deal with the business and with the man as a business man.

Fourth: That the membership is composed exclusively of business and professional men (all active) and that only one is taken from each classification.

I consider all these facts, and it begins to dawn upon my obtuse understanding that Rotary's main task must be a business one; that its differentiating feature must be humanizing business; its clarion call to men of all nations all over the world must be "Serve God and your fellowman through your daily task; make it worthy of you as a man and as a Rotarian and show both the bovine reactionary and the feather-brained revolutionary what business can be in the hands of an all-the-week Rotarian."

But a fellow-Rotarian jogs my elbow and says, "Friend Moffatt, you're dead wrong and completely at sea. Rotary's main job is Boys Work. True, it was not specifically created to do Boys Work; it has no special facility or aptitude for Boys Work; its members are

tailed on page 8 of the "Synopsis of Rotary" issued by Rotary International, and I do not find Boys Work so much as mentioned while practically the whole eleven points of the ethics and the six objects deal specifically with business. True, I grant, that Boys Work, or for that matter any other form of altruism or social service, can be expected as the natural fruit of these Ethics and of those Objects. But I think the weight of direct evidence favors my contention that "the window through which Rotary views the world is that of Business." If Rotary declines to be judged by "Business" it had better scrap its eleven points and its six objects and write new ones from which Boys Work will not merely be inferred as at present but in which it will be specifically enjoined. Since Rotarians love Boys Work and most rightly mean to pursue and develop it, perhaps the *present expressed* objects of Rotary would be served in part if we concentrated so far as Boys Work goes, in the first place upon the boys in our own employment, the boys in the mills, factories, stores, offices, of Rotarians. These boys are destined to become our foremen, salesmen, managers, directors, partners, and to bring Rotary to them would not only satisfy the soul of these Rotarians who regard Boys Work as Rotary's job, but would also be perfectly expressive of what I regard as our real job, namely, taking Rotary to our business. In fact this is perhaps the one big Rotary job about which my critics and I would be in the most perfect agreement.

not asked when selected if they do on Boys Work, nor are their Boys Work proclivities studied before their selection. True, other societies can do Boys Work far better than Rotary can, but, in spite of all that, Boys Work is Rotary's real job, and all this *business* chatter of yours, although inspired by our aims, ethics, and objects, is dead wrong."

Well, while it is true that Joseph, before whom they all ultimately bowed down, did have a coat of many colors, and also true that but for his attention to business there would have been no corn in Egypt, yet I cannot see that his variegated coat had anything to do with either event. If a man founds a society to do a certain job, he says so. If a man is desirous of going to Chicago from New York he does not take the boat to Liverpool. All our literature insists almost *ad nauseam* that our main task is concerned with business, but if, in spite of this, my brethren say I am under a misapprehension then there's an end on't and I retire, routed horse and foot, to muse on "the queerness of folk."

To those sincere Rotarians who assert that the chief and almost sole work of Rotary is Boys Work, I stress what I have said above, and also say that I have again studied the eleven points of the Rotary Code of Ethics as adopted by the Sixth International Convention at San Francisco, July 19, 1923, and the six express Objects of Rotary as de-

THERE are those who say that the primary object of Rotary has never been business methods, ethics in business, or business efficiency, but that it has always been and should be fellowship, acquaintanceship, goodwill, the spirit of friendship, understanding, and helpfulness. This is to me a far more understandable viewpoint than that which insists that Boys Work is the supreme object. The point is, at all events, both implicit and expressed in our ethics and in all our literature.

But this, like Boys Work, would be inferred from the genius of Rotary. Both are only evidences, though necessary ones, of something deeper, more fundamental, and more indicative of the challenging purposes of Rotary. The goodfellowship idea (to lump all this class of thought in one phrase) does not go far enough. I may know John Jones through and through and be the "best friends" in the world with him as also with every Tom, Dick, and Harry in my club, but what does that matter to the great work-a-day world out of doors? It knows nothing of, and is not interested in, my friendships. My club, any club, (*Continued on page 41.*)

The Little Tin Godlets

*Some statues found in their niches
in the Pantheon of Peculiarities*

I KNEW an author once—he is dead now—who changed his name, and went over to England and wrote a whole string of entirely different books because he was ashamed of the books that had made him famous and hated to have folks talk to him about them. I am not ashamed of anything I have written, although people seem to think I ought to be and are always saying, "I suppose you just hate to have folks always reminding you that you wrote *Pigs is Pigs*"; but someday—when I have five or ten years off duty—I am going to write a work that will amount to something! It will be in ten volumes, red leather bindings and gold lettering, and the title will be "The Modern Pantheon, a Complete Encyclopedia of the Little Tin Godlets." It will have to be in mighty small print in order to get it all in ten volumes, too.

In preparing to write this magnificent work I have had to give considerable study to the mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome, to get a line on the way the demigod business is generally conducted, and I have taken side trips into the mythologies of other peoples, from the Assyrians to the Zanzibarbarians (if that is what they are called), and I know all the gods and goddesses and demigods and godlets from Aa to Zeus well enough to go right up and shake hands with them and say, "It looks as if we would have a fine day if it don't rain, don't it?"

One result of this deep study of the old demigods—especially of what you might call the No. 2 grades or second-best godlets—is that I have come to the conclusion that most of us have an entirely wrong idea of them, and of ourselves. We think of the Greeks and Romans as having about as many demigods and semi-demigods as a shad has bones—and that is true enough

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

—but we have come to believe that back in those days all the little godlets were mighty important to everybody, and that is not so. You paid your money and you took your choice, as you might say. There were a few big bugs among the deities that everyone thought a lot of, just as we think a lot of One Million Dollars or A Skin You Love to Touch or Six-Cylinder Limousine or An Easy Job With Big Pay—deities like Jupiter and Diana of Ephesus and Apollo—but the most of them were little one-horse personal godlets that a fellow carried around in his pocket for his own use, like a fountain-pen nowadays.

It was a handy custom, too. There were no restrictions. Whenever a man thought of anything he would like to have as a tin godlet he simply went and had it. It could be anything from a peanut to a sunset, as long as it suited him, and nobody cared. If old Bill

Aristides got in with a swift crowd of Athenians and got so fond of red wine that he just simply thought he had to drink all there was, it did not mean that he had to be a godless man. He merely made booze his godlet and hunted around for some classy name for it, such as Bacchus, and there you were! And then Mrs. Aristides, who loved Bill in spite of his faults, and knew he would never come home until morning, would come to think sunrise the best time of the day and she would make the dawn her one best bet, and tag a fancy name to it, such as Aurora, and there she was!

It was a convenient system, too. If, for example, old Bill Aristides had lived in Kentucky and favored a certain brand, he might start in by calling it Bacchus, but that would not bother old Colonel Pythagoras, down in Georgia, who favored mint juleps, or Rastus Washington Diomedes, in Alabama, who preferred to gather his next morning headache in gin. All that was easily arranged.

The first thing you would hear would be that out in Kentucky they were strong for the Lexingtonian Bacchus, and that down in Georgia they were building a temple to the Atlantan Bacchus, and that down in Alabama a new jazz had been invented to enliven the worship of the Mobilian Bacchus.

Our mistake is in thinking we don't have our own lot of modern godlets of the personal sort. We have, but we don't go to the trouble of having them registered and given pedigrees. We don't hunt up fancy names for them. Back in Greece they were strong for names—fancy names. We are, too, but we work it off on package breakfast foods and hair removers and washing powders. In those days if a man thought of a classy name like Pepmusto he did not tag it onto a bottled condiment or a painless mustard-plas-

Ellis Parker Butler Wants Your Help

A Prize Contest Open to All Readers of This Magazine

A MAGAZINE'S letter contest is always something like the famous little girl with the celebrated curl. When it's good, it is very good, and when it's bad it is ghastly. This story by Ellis Parker Butler suggested a chance for a particularly good contest. To make it still better, cash prizes are being offered.

Ellis Parker Butler proposes to write a magnificent work (bound in red leather with gold lettering!) describing the Modern Pantheon—the Valhalla of the Little Tin Godlets. To assist this most worthy cause we want your suggestions, your nominations, if you please, for his encyclopaedia of the Modern Pantheon—a sort of an international collection of pet prejudices, personal prides, and foolish foibles. Without wishing to divide any households we would indicate the possibilities of describing the idiosyncrasies of wife or husband; without planning to disrupt any offices we would hint that the stenographer's idea of the boss is not necessarily always the same as his idea of himself. Just imagine the potentialities of such candidates as "I-am-the-Boss," "Save-the-string," "I'm-no-artist-but-I-know-what-I-like," and "Somebody's-always-got-my-paper."

The scientists say that everybody is a bit crazy in some special way. If you can testify to the particular "tin god" of some friend or relative—or even if you feel moved to confession—send us your letter. The sources of letters, of course, will not be divulged, and those selected for publication will be printed over the initials, or a pseudonym, of the writer.

The contest is open to all readers of this magazine. Letters should not exceed 500 words. The contest will close on August 10th, with the exception that letters from readers outside the United States and Canada will be received and considered until September 10th. Three prizes of \$50, \$25 and \$15, respectively, will be awarded for the three best letters. The three prize-winning letters and those selected for honorable mention will be published in the November Number.

ter—he gave it to his personal demigod. Those were the boom days of the demigod business. It was "easy come—easy go." If a young fellow of 936 B. C. wandered down to the seashore with his best girl, and, as they sat on a rock and watched the sea, she said, "Oh, Agamemnon, dear! the moon is rising! I could just worship the moon!" he would put his arm around her and say, "You're on! And anything that is good enough for you is good enough for your little Aggy-gaggy! Little Zenobaby and her Aggy-gaggy will worship the same old moony-spoony all their lives long." Then, the next morning, he would hurry down to the city hall or somewhere and peer in at the window of the second assistant clerk of the god and goddess department.

"Say, sport!" he would say briskly. "Give us a little attention here, can't you? I'm in a bit of a hurry. Say, last night I was down on the beach with my girl and the moon came up. Some moon! And, say, she said she would like to worship the moon. How about it—is the moon on the list?"

"Moon?" the clerk would say, thoughtfully. "Moon? Wait a minute until I take a look."

THEN the clerk would take down a volume as big as an atlas, with the letter "M" on the cover, and he would run his finger up and down the columns, mumbling M-M-May—Mill-Turning-Breezes—Medicines—Mixed Drinks. "No, I guess the moon hasn't been registered yet. Sit down over there a minute and I'll fill out a license blank for you. Um! 'Agamemnon and his best girl are hereby authorized—' um!—'and all the sundry are hereby notified that on and after said date the moon is a legal and fully certified goddess of the—' Say, do you want a first or second class license?"

"Ask me! Nothing is too good for that little girl, mister. Make it a first class."

"Um!—fully certified goddess of the first class.' There you are. Now, what about a name?"

"How about Juno?"

"Taken already."

"Venus? Vesta? Hebe? Luna?"

"Wait a minute, I can't remember that anyone has registered 'Luna.' No, that's all right. There you are—now you can worship the moon and call it Luna and have a grand old time. Two sestercii, please, and five kopeks extra for the stamp. Thanks. Next!"

Of course, now and then a fellow made a bad mistake. The Bacchus worship might call for more strength and endurance than old Bill Aristides had, for example, and get the upper hand of him, and by the time old Bill began seeing purple snakes with green spots he would wish he had chosen

Aurora or Luna or Ham-and-Eggs or any other deity, but it would be too late. The widow would be pricing faggots for the funeral pyre and some coarse person would be saying, "Faggots! I don't see why she thinks she needs any faggots; if she touched a match to old Bill he would burn with a blue flame."

And that is the trouble with these modern, up-to-date tin godlets I mentioned awhile ago. We make 'em and they boss us. We make 'em and they drive us.

I KNOW a man who has one, and it just about makes his life miserable for him when it is absent. If he had lived in the olden days he would probably have hunted up a fancy name for it, such as Hammicus Eggicus, and started a subscription paper for funds to build a temple to it, but I never heard him call it anything but Ham-and-Eggs, with the eggs turned over and cooked just right on both sides.

I went on a long trip with that man one year—an automobile trip—and every day, along about three o'clock in the afternoon, he began to fidget and get nervous and worry for fear he was not going to be able to get his ham and eggs the next morning for breakfast. He might have sat in his seat as silent as a clam all day, only arousing himself now and then to say, "By gracious! I don't believe those eggs were strictly fresh this morning!" or "I can't understand why any hotel will keep a cook that ruins ham the way that ham was ruined day before yesterday!" but about three o'clock he would get out the road book and begin

to look up the towns ahead and guess about the hotels that were mentioned and start asking questions of the natives we met along the way.

"Say, friend," he would ask, "what do you know about the hotel at Muggville? Did you ever have breakfast there? Did you have ham and eggs? How were the ham and eggs?" and then, as we drove on: "The idiot! I don't wonder this section is so backward, nobody knows a thing. If these natives know enough to come in out of the rain I'll give my last dollar to—Wait! Stop the car. Say, friend, what do you know about the hotel at Muggville? Did you ever have breakfast—Go ahead! Drive on! He don't know anything. He's another of these miserable uneducated half-wits that—"

If that man reached eight o'clock in the morning and did not see a plate of ham and eggs in front of him he was ruined for life. If the ham was too brown he was ruined for life. If the ham was not brown enough he was ruined for life. If the eggs were too fresh-laid his life was a wreck. If the eggs were too old his life was a wreck. One morning a waitress—a mighty pretty waitress, too—brought him his eggs without having had them turned over and we thought that—after having torn her limb from limb—he would go out and end an existence that had become too cruel to bear.

SOMETIMES we would get into a town about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and draw up at one of those tasty little red monuments a grateful garage-owning public has erected to the memory of the little prehistoric bugs they say gasoline comes from. All we wanted was ten gallons of gas and maybe a quart of oil to carry us the sixty more miles we had planned to cover before putting up for the night. We would all get out of the car to stretch, but our friend would walk off up the street and presently he would come back rubbing his hands and looking as if he had found seven million dollars.

"Now, men," he would say in the most loving manner, "here's where we stay tonight. Fine town. There's no sense in going another inch."

"My cats!" our driver would say. "Stop here? At four o'clock? Why, we've got to do sixty, maybe eighty miles more today. How in thunder would we ever put in the time between now and dark in a place like this? Nothing doing. We go on!"

"No; wait a minute. There's a picture house here, we can take in—"

"Is that it across there?"

"Yes."

"Well, it says 'Wednesdays and Saturdays Only' and this is Tuesday."

"Well, never mind that, then. The roads ahead are (Cont'd on page 43.)

\$50

for the best letter describing the "tin godlet" of yourself or some acquaintance or friend, and—

\$25 and \$15

for the letters adjudged second and third best, respectively. See preceding page for conditions of the contest.

Thousands of boys served as "city officials" for one day during Boys' Week celebration.



Two boy "officials" of Joliet, Ill., William Lowery, fire chief, and Francis Dailey, mayor.

DANVILLE rightly values her great assets of mills, which are the admiration of the entire South, and of warehouses, which are known wherever tobacco is used. It values its other great industrial and commercial assets, it values the rich agricultural section which surrounds it, and it values above all the hopeful spirit of a homogeneous and progressive people."

This succinct paragraph appeared in an editorial in The Danville (Va.) News during Boys' Week. It can be adapted to apply to any community, to any state or nation, and all will grant the truth of the observation. But the next paragraph makes a comparison that gives us food for thought:

"This week has shown an asset with potential values larger than these. In the boy life there is the promise of the future. The intelligent interest displayed by the boys in the business activities of the community has its educational side for the grown-ups as well as for the boys."

Boys' Week is now an established feature of each year. The event has passed its fifth birthday and what a year or so ago was an infant in swaddling clothes is now a good-sized youngster in knee breeches. And, furthermore, the child has come to take his place at the conference table and the old adage that children should be seen and not heard is not in force. But instead this healthy youngster has convinced all that the boy should have something to say.

Boys' Week began in a city of millions and spread to other cities of millions and hundred thousands but it, like the flu, is no respecter of size or



week has been served only when there has been stimulated a renewed interest on the part of adults in the vital problems of the boy and those which the boy represents, and further in the opening of new visions, impulses, and inspirations to the boy himself. That is the keynote that has been sounded throughout the observance of Boys' Week this year.

In the first year's observance, Boys' Week was largely a week put on for boys by adults. It has now developed into a week put on for boys by the adults and the boys, with a large emphasis on the boys. In practically every community the boys have played an im-

portant part in the work of Boys' Week. There have been boys serving as editors, reporters, mayors, chiefs of police, chiefs of fire departments, selectmen, councilmen, sheriffs, commissioners, railroad men, bank presidents; in fact, serving in every position to which a boy may look forward.

The observance of Boys' Week has shown how very desirable it is that all should recognize the importance of the boy and that he should be made to understand something of the importance of his life and his relation to others. Without in any way destroying the buoyancy of boyhood and the joyousness of play, the week was used to give some sense of the serious as well as some grasp of the permanent values of life. The boy has caught an insight of the thing that he is to do. That this is true is proven by the number of letters which have come in from boy officials and from the articles and editorials which they have written for the papers. Out of Boys' Week there has come to many an intelligent youth a new slant as to choice of a profession,

Boys' Week: A New Chapter in Civics

By ROGER H. MOTTEN

character and is most contagious. This year the week was observed not only in New York, and Chicago, and Philadelphia and Baltimore, large industrial and commercial centers which number their population by the millions and their boys by the hundred thousands, but also in towns like Gilby, N. D., which numbers its population by the hundreds and its boys by tens. This year it has been demonstrated that Boys' Week may be carried on in the small town as well as in the big city. It is not a question of population; it is a question of interest in boys.

But it is not to be assumed that in the mere observance of Boys' Week will be found any actual culmination or end of service to boys. The purpose of the



Above: Boys' Week was not entirely confined to boys. Vicksburg (Mississippi) Rotary emphasized the girl equation of the problem of the coming generation. Above, at right: "The boy in church" as represented by the Albert-Lea (Minn.) Rotary Club.

At left: Famous boys' chorus and drill team of Salem, Oregon. This group is made up of more than one hundred boys and is known throughout all of the Pacific Northwest. Rotarian H. C. Epley (who tips the scales at 300 pounds!) is the leader.

helping him to adapt his schooling to the vocation that interests him, and not permitting himself to be catapulted, so to speak, into the first job that presents itself.

There has also come to the businessman a realization of the fine spirit that is in our boyhood, an appreciation of the alertness and quickness of mind which is theirs, a sense of their ability to do things when given the opportunity.

The week has shown that the boys can do things and do them well, and that they are willing to assume responsibilities if given the chance. They can carry the "message of Garcia" with the initiative of a Rowan if given the same trust and confidence. They are as ready and willing to learn as to enjoy. Will anyone say that the boys of Knoxville have not a better understanding of railroading since Boys' Week? There the Louisville and Nashville Railroad furnished a special train for 250 boys, ran this train out to a long siding, divided the boys up into train crews; engineers, firemen, conductors, flagmen and brakemen; and let each crew take turns operating the train. Great sport for the boys, is our first thought, but a second consideration shows us just how much it meant to those boys to have the responsibility of operating a train. Traffic regulations and "Safety First" will have a new meaning to the 250 boys who operated that train for

even a few hours during Boys' Week. In the same way the number of boys who stood on street corners during Boys' Week and acted as traffic officers have a new idea of the traffic problem. In towns as well as cities the influence which those boys can exert in regulating traffic is inestimable.

We have asked many of the boy officials to give us their impressions. We have received a number of answers and many of the ideas should be passed on.

ROGER BOURLAND, Boy Mayor of Lancaster, Ky., says:

In my opinion, the Rotary clubs of this country are doing something, in putting on Boys' Week, that might be classed as the greatest movement ever launched in this country. I say this as I am able to judge it from a boy's standpoint. You understand, of course, that the highest ideal and greatest standard of any boy is to become a man and to act as a man. It is this idea, in your great project, that appeals to a boy. I know this placing of responsibility has drawn, at least from the boys of this community, their greatest support and interest. The Rotary Club of Lancaster had the best that was in its boys. It is the interest and ideals that you support in forwarding this campaign in the boy's interest that draws everything into play, mentally, morally, and physically.

Boys' Week here was a howling success. I think I could offer few if any suggestions. But I might say that on Tuesday, of next year when the boys go into their positions as city officials, that the interest of the boys be matched

by that of the men. When the boys on the city council make an ordinance, or the committees of the council make a report ordering things changed and conditions bettered; that the men carry out their suggestions if they are worth anything at all. If attention is not paid to such things, there is a bad after-effect in the minds of the boys. In other words, when the day is over the men forget, the boys—never.

As I understand it, the idea of this movement is to see how much there is in the boys and to see what they will do in a pinch. You want boys to think and prepare for the positions they are to occupy. Boys will not prepare for their positions if they do not mean anything. For instance, if it is clearly understood that any arrests made by the acting city marshal was final and any decision of the judge was final, the boys would work their heads off in response and preparation.

Boys are young but they have some "gray matter" and common sense. In such a place where they understood their decisions final they would take themselves and their jobs more seriously. No foolishness or pranks would be tolerated for an instant. They would not do anything so rash and inconsiderate. My suggestion is: let the boys have the reins. If the judge fines a man, let it be final. Give him full control as city judge of his city, etc.

Barnard Brooks, Boy Mayor of La Grange, Ga., writes:

After being elected mayor, the boys that I appointed to offices by approval of the council carried out their duties with all seriousness as if the responsi-

(Continued on page 40.)



"Got a little idea, Ben. What do you think?" Snatching a pencil from Ben Moore's pocket he leaned over the desk and with a few nervous strokes made a rough layout on a scratch pad. "Get the idea?"

The Thinking Part

By JOSEPH LISTER RUTLEDGE

AT precisely three o'clock George Darling drove an unerring shot from the first tee. At about the same hour, on at least four afternoons a week, he did the same thing. On each of these four afternoons he lured from his desk some business friend, whose enthusiasm only served to cloak an uneasy feeling that he was neglecting necessary work. Be-

Illustrated by A. H. Winkler

cause of this feeling, on each of the four afternoons, he tee'd off with a different companion and had to listen to their derisive comments anent his easy life.

He met their derision with unfailing good humor, defending himself with light retorts.

"I'm not a 'dab' at system or man-

agement like Bill Hardy, or at financing like you," he told Jim Everett. "You can do best by keeping your hands on that work. I have to get someone to keep their hands on it for me. I'm only good at ideas. I feed 'em ideas and they do the work. Fair enough, isn't it?"

"I have to work as well as think," snorted Everett, "No wonder you were two up on me at the fifth."

George Darling measured the distance to a far-away flag with a speculative eye, set himself with care, and drove straight on the line. Then he stood back and watched his companion slice his ball into the rough with a pleasurable sense of commiseration.

"Plays the dickens with your golf," Darling commented, as though there had been no interruption. "Of course I work," he continued. "I have to work to get the ideas across. Most people are pretty restive under suggestions. If it weren't for that I could spend all my time here. I can get as many ideas here as anywhere else."

"So might I," growled Everett, with a malevolent glance at his ball that lay pocketed under a little hummock of sand, "if this damned pea would only do what it was expected to do."

"Nobody and nothing does what you expect it to do," Darling commented with a sententiousness that held a fine disregard for grammar. "That's why I like to do the thinking. You limit the uncertainty a little that way."

II.

WHEN George Darling, president of the Empire Paint Company, proclaimed his preference for doing the thinking for his organization, he stated something more than a mere preference. He not only wished to do it, but he actually did it. Moreover he did it most effectively.

He wasn't quite fair to himself either, in putting thinking as his only contribution to the business. He gave it thought, but he gave it enthusiasm also, and, as one of his salesmen remarked, "they're a neat pair."

Darling was popular with his staff. From the apprentice in the works to Logan, the manager, who was a kind of understudy to the position Darling nominally occupied, they liked and respected him. They were inclined to feel that they made life pretty easy for him, as is the way of most employees; but they weren't bitter about it; they liked it. They took a modest pride in the way he sauntered out of the office, about the time most executives were coming back from lunch.

Darling's method of work, it is true, might not have appeared as work to many of his business acquaintances. There wasn't the same poring over figures, or the same concentrated earnestness; nor was there a desk piled high with an imposing array of documents. Darling had an office with the regular paraphernalia of an office, but as a matter of fact he didn't care much for desks, not for his own at any rate. He was inclined to roam around the office and works. He had a half-formed theory that you got better results that way. That was George Darling.

At nine-thirty on this particular morning on his way to his office to hang up his hat and coat, Darling dropped in on Ben Moore, his advertising manager. Darling had a soft place in his heart for Ben, a feeling that was shared by his daughter Miriam. But neither factor had influenced his sound business judgment. He liked Ben, as he said himself, because Ben had brains.

Sitting on the corner of the desk, Darling grinned pleasantly at the younger man.

"Got a little idea, Ben. Should make good copy. What do you think?" and before the other could answer he launched into the subject, shooting out sharp staccato phrases. "See it?" he would demand, and would be off again in a volley of terse, glowing words, vivid and picturesque, that made what he was saying tangible—something you could lay your hands on—an idea.

Snatching a pencil from Ben Moore's pocket he leaned over the desk and with a few nervous strokes made a rough layout on a scratch pad. "Get the idea?"

Ben leaned forward with eager interest, his fingers itching to be at it.

"What do you think of it?" Darling eased himself into a more seemly posture.

"Fine" Ben waved an enthusiastic hand. "Fine!" They'll be wallowing in paint when they read that stuff. You leave it to me."

Darling nodded. "Go to it," he said.

III.

ON his way back to his office, he was thinking pleasantly of Ben Moore. "Most of those advertising beggars are so dashed temperamental," he thought, "you can't do anything with them—want to do everything their own way. Ben's not like that. He licks up an idea like a kitten licks up cream." He remembered when Ben had first come to the Empire Paint Company, years before. He had been bubbling with ideas; he was a find. "Best man on the job I know of," he had often boasted.

There was something more than a mere business relationship between Darling and Ben Moore; but Darling was slow to see it. When Ben had first come as a stranger to the city, he had been invited to the Darling home out of kindness; from then on Ben came with an ever-growing frequency. To Darling, interested in the boy's work, it seemed only an echoing enthusiasm that brought him there so often. Of course, Ben took Miriam around a bit; what more natural than that? To Darling it seemed a matter of coincidence. It was only recently that it had occurred to him that there

might be any hidden significance to his constant appearance. He put the idea aside. It was so much more comfortable to credit these appearances to a mutual interest in the business.

Certainly the growing intimacy of these two young people was gained to an obligato of business discussions. Ben and Darling usually worked things out together. At first it hardly dawned on Ben that the idea as it stood completed was a very distant cousin indeed from anything that he had suggested. But, he, like his employer, had his enthusiasms. He was for the completed idea every time and he did not worry as to how it had developed. When the thought did come to him a little later, he met it without bitterness. He was talking to Miriam as they sat out on the moonlit terrace. "I always thought," he said, referring to the discussion of the evening, "that I was a real lad as far as ideas went; but I'm a mental zero beside your father."

Miriam considered this for a moment. "Dad's always got something buzzing in his head," she admitted. "If I hadn't seen him at it, I would have thought that he never slept."

"He's rather wonderful," she continued softly. "It's rather nice to be able to think of him that way, isn't it? But I don't want to think him too wonderful." She looked up at Ben with a shy smile. "I think you're both rather wonderful," she added.

Ben shook his head. There was something like a frown on his face. "Nothing wonderful about me," he said almost brusquely. "Your dad's been feeding me with ideas that can't be beaten, and I'm turning them into passable copy. People think I'm something of an advertising man, but I'm not. I'm a little, far-away echo of something." He turned to her with a laugh. "You'd be surprised if you knew how few ideas I have had in the past few years. I cobble 'em up a bit, and stick a few trimmings on them, but even there the chief does most of the suggesting. Yes, I'm an echo."

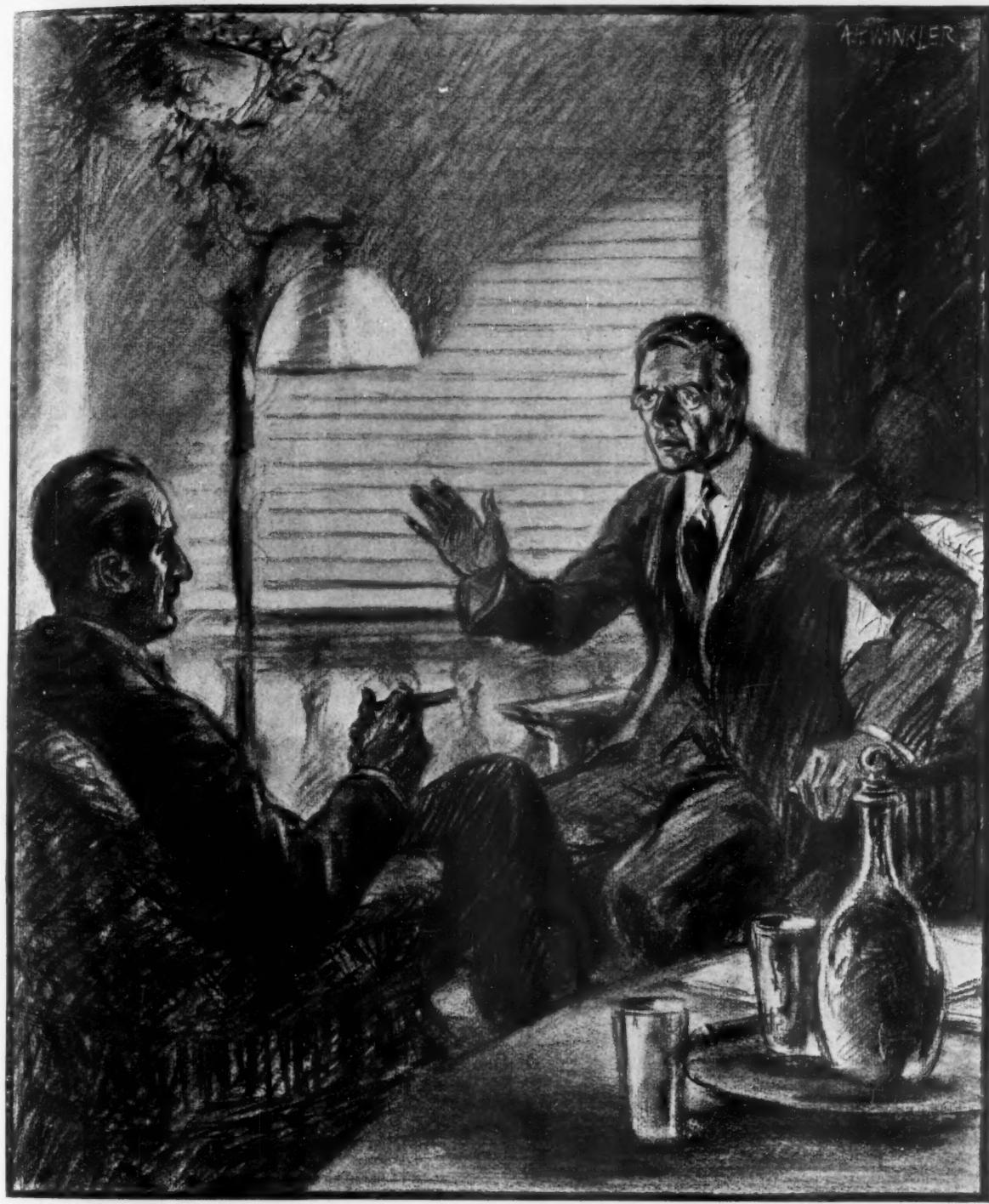
"You're rather a nice echo," she said. Ben laughed. "What does it matter," he said. "Let's go for a run. It's a wonderful night."

"But it does matter," she said, when a few minutes later they were spinning down the moonlit road.

"Of course it matters," Ben turned a sober, troubled face toward her, "it matters very much, and we have to think of a way out, somehow."

IV.

GEORGE DARLING sat in his office sorting his mail with studied patience. He was not one of those imaginative souls who see in each unopened letter a vista of undiscovered possibili-



"Yes," he said, "I know what would help. Fire your whole staff." Darling sat up with a jerk. "Did I hear you right?" he asked. There was an edge on his words. "Did you say fire the whole staff?"

ties. They were routine, and routine was anathema to George Darling.

Half through his task, it flashed across his mind that he wanted to see Logan. Leaving his desk littered with unanswered mail, he sought him out, and for more than an hour was closeted with him in eager consultation—at least Darling was eager. Logan was characteristically sad. He was a man who loved system. That it be orderly was more vital to him than that it be effective. But he had come to respect Dar-

ling's judgment even while the latter's methods disturbed the orderly course of his work. Darling's ideas, he had to admit, were not as hair-brained as they often appeared at first sight.

Logan was protesting mildly. "That idea looks alright," he said, "but it will mean a very considerable change in our methods."

"Well," said Darling pleasantly, "have you any suggestion that will get the same result without changing our methods?"

Logan was silent for a moment. Then he shook his head, "No," he said, "I have no other plan."

That was typical of Logan. He protested mildly and then acquiesced. The protest came as naturally as the acquiescence, and they were both second nature. If he had stopped to think he would have been surprised at the number of ideas, outwardly emanating from his own department, that had their inception in the fertile brain of George Darling. He would (Cont'd on page 54)

“Lets Take Rotary With Us!”

Can Rotary help to supply the leadership which the world demands today?

THREE is no place in Rotary for drones.

The Rotary member who doesn't make it his business to take an aggressive part in the associations of his craft ought to be man enough to step out and create a place for a real Rotarian.

Your stewardship in Rotary is not expressed in Rotary meetings alone. You come because you know what the consequence will be if you don't.

Your real Rotary service is rendered in your contact with the organized members of your craft.

We would have a slim membership in Rotary if we eliminated all those members who do not take an active interest in their craft organization.

I am not going to embarrass you by asking those who are not constantly active in the work of their craft to hold up their hands.

But this is intended for you, fellow Rotarians—you men who are too busy to take active part in the work of your craft—you who are too self-centered that nothing else but your own business counts—you who pull *against* instead of *with* your competitors—you who are lukewarm on anything that takes your time from your own business.

You know whether you are a *trailer* or a *leader*.

If you are a real Rotarian you can step right up to the head of the line in your profession and take your pick of the front row seats. Every business craft is craving for leadership. Let Rotary supply the leaders.

I honestly believe that the advertising profession offers greater opportunity for the expression of true Rotary service than almost any other classification in Rotary.

Rotary injected into all advertising would revolutionize business.

Our habits and customs, our standards of living, our social, industrial and financial progress, are all influenced by advertising. Advertising determines your habits of eating—of dress—of travel—of play—of work. Its responsibility is great. Our faith in mankind is influenced by advertising. When we find business houses not living up to their advertising, our confidence is shaken and all business suffers.

By A. CARMAN SMITH

kind is influenced by advertising. When we find business houses not living up to their advertising, our confidence is shaken and all business suffers because it takes more effort to convince us—and effort costs money.

So, when you influence advertising, you influence the very standard of citizenship.

Advertising is today on a very much higher plane than it was a few years ago. It is more believable. It is more accurate. It is more ethical.

Rotary has undoubtedly been an important factor in this development. It must have been.

In my journeying throughout the United States to great advertising club conventions I have been impressed with the fact that many of our greatest advertising leaders are Rotarians.

Within a few weeks, I expect to attend a great international advertising convention in London, England. I expect to meet a lot of Rotarians there who are high up in the official activities of the world's advertising association.

I AM now endeavoring to lay plans to hold a Rotary Club meeting of advertising men on board ship from New

York to Southampton. Los Angeles alone is sending over 60 delegates.

So you see what a tremendous opportunity is afforded the advertising men to carry Rotary ethics and Rotary principles into the advertising profession.

I count this trip to London this summer as one of the greatest opportunities that has ever come to advertising men who are in Rotary to carry to the members of their craft the principles they have learned in Rotary.

But, we haven't reached the millennium in advertising yet—not by a long way. Do you know that some of our worst advertising offenders today are Rotarians. I don't mean malicious offenders, but a business man who stands high in his community and who is a member of the Rotary Club—and who carelessly or otherwise indulges in extravagant advertising statements is a stumbling block for others. His example is dangerous. I am glad to get this chance to talk straight from the heart to you fellow Rotarians on this subject. I can perhaps do it with better grace than a stranger could.

I know of no greater service I can do for Rotary than to get you men to sense the need for a *radical* interpretation of *truth* and *honor* in your advertising.

Get out of your mind the idea that advertising carries with it a license to make any statement which you would not be willing to make upon your oath before the highest court in the land.

Will you men pledge to me here and now that, from today on no statement shall be published or made over your signature in any kind of advertising that is not the *truth*, the *whole truth*, and nothing but the *truth*—so help you God!

I know big successful business men who think they are not getting their money's worth in advertising unless they use superlatives and make extravagant statements. Everything must be the biggest, or the highest, or the purest, or the strongest, or the oldest, or the finest. What a fallacy this is.

The Influence of Advertising

THREE are two good reasons for printing this address delivered before the Rotary club of Los Angeles by its advertising member. The first reason is because advertising plays such an important part in our lives. As the author says: "Our habits and customs, our standards of living, our social, industrial, and financial progress, are all influenced by advertising. Advertising determines your habits of eating—of dress—of travel—of play—of work. Its responsibility is great. Our faith in mankind is influenced by advertising. When we find business houses not living up to their advertising, our confidence is shaken and all business suffers.

Then, secondly, the author shows us the great possibilities of taking Rotary with us, the effect of making it a part of our daily life, of introducing it into our crafts.

"I know big successful business men," he says, "who think they are not getting their money's worth in advertising unless they use superlatives and make extravagant statements. Everything must be the biggest, or the highest, or the purest, or the strongest, or the oldest, or the finest. What a fallacy this is.

"In the first place, advertising doesn't give you a license to express your opinion as a conclusion. You might think your product is the best in the world; perhaps your competitor thinks the same about his—and it is barely possible that he is just as conscientious as you are. . . ."

You are now listening to Rotarian A. Carman Smith speaking to his fellow-members of the Los Angeles club. He is talking about one of the most interesting subjects in the world: Advertising.

In the first place, advertising doesn't (*Cont'd on p. 55.*)

Inhibition and Stimulation

An analysis of the restless and impulsive period of youth and a suggested remedy

MAN wants but little here below," is an old-time saying familiar to most of us. But we know that youth on the contrary wants a great deal. And the modern youth gets what he wants—or accepts a substitute. If left to his own devices he will do many things which will injure himself physically, mentally, and morally. However, even if this be true, it is only fair to admit that there are many things which the average boy would like to do, which it is well that he should like to do. If we would do constructive work with the boy we must realize these things.

A man's life, if he live his full three-score years and ten or more, may be divided into five periods. The first of these is *Infancy* or the period of absolute dependence upon the mother. The second is *Childhood*, from the beginning of independence to the beginning of adolescence, which normally is at an age of between twelve and fourteen years. The next period is that of *Youth*, from the end of childhood to the completion of growth. The fourth period is *Maturity*, from the completion of physical growth to the beginning of the decline in all phases of the man's life. The fifth and last period is that of *Old Age*, from the beginning of this decline until death.

The most critical of these periods is that of youth, because it is the last period during which preparation may be made for the most useful years of life. The problems of all periods are serious, but the problems of youth are most serious. If, in childhood, the boy has been misguided it is still humanly possible to employ corrective measures. If his health has not been cared for it is, generally speaking, still possible for him to attain good health under proper influence. If he be below the average mentally, proper guidance may yet make him normal by the time his body has matured. If he be

By BOYD H. DAPPERT

morally bad, with proper environment he may yet become a reputable citizen. But after the boy has once attained his full physical growth it is almost, if not quite, impossible to bring about any change for the better either in mind, body, or spirit. Sometimes such a change does take place, but it seems more as an act of Providence, rather than on account of any human effort which may have been made. The matured man is no longer plastic. Just as the clay becomes a thing of beauty and usefulness under the guiding influence of the master potter's hand, so does the boy become the man of noble character—a useful citizen in his community, under proper influence of those who are most interested in him. Rotarians should be vitally interested in the boy during that period just preceding manhood.

As a boy approaches the age of youth he becomes restless. He is no longer satisfied to confine himself to the activities of childhood. He feels more and more independent. He seeks new experiences. He begins to want the privileges of manhood with never a thought about its responsibilities. His physical

development has been more rapid than his mental. In strength of body he may be the equal of man but his mind has not yet progressed sufficiently to properly direct the affairs of that body. The youth wants independence but he cannot be given independence without seriously jeopardizing the future years of his life.

LIFE consists in the continual exchange of one thing for another. We are all fond of money and yet we will exchange it for something else if we want that other thing badly enough. Just so will the boy give up some of the things which he wants and which he should not have if he can get, in exchange, something else that he wants. In dealing with boys we can take advantage of this willingness on his part to give up some of the things we do not want him to have for other things which we do want him to have, but we must be fair with him and give him something which, to him, seems of equal or greater value than the thing which we expect him to renounce.

Everyone, mature or immature, is seeking for things which come under one of two general classifications, namely, those things which give us sensual pleasure and those things which please our vanity. In this respect the boy does not differ from the adult although his individual tastes may be vastly different.

In my experience with boys I have learned of many things which the average boy wants. I would not try to enumerate all of these but will name a few for which he seems to care a great deal.

The average boy wants food, both the kind which appeals only to the palate and the kind which builds up his body, provided always that it does not antagonize his taste.

He wants water for beverage, swimming and fishing purposes, but not particularly as a cleanser.

He takes to athletics because they provide a means of satisfying or

The Leaders of the Future

COMMUNITIES, like individuals, are sometimes found to be suffering from hardening of the arteries. There is a point beyond which conservatism becomes reaction, and deliberation gives way to stagnation.

Leadership is largely a product of example, and without the stimulus of good models, a youth's talents may be wasted. Where shall we find the example, the prototypes for our leaders of tomorrow?

There can be only one answer to that question. It is the men of today who must make the moulds in which the plastic material of youth shall be cast. It is the fathers of today who must decide how many of the sons shall be on the judges' bench—or how many shall be prisoners at the bar.

In this article, Boyd H. Dappert, a man who has had long experience in the training of boys, tells what he considers the fundamentals of successful work with boys. He shows you just why the boy does some things he ought not to do, and how you can induce him to do the things which are good for him and good for society as well.

"Life," he says, "consists in the continual exchange of one thing for another. We are all fond of money and yet we will exchange it for something else if we want that other thing badly enough. Just so will the boy give up some of the things which he wants and which he should not have, if he can get, in exchange, something else that he wants. In dealing with boys we can take advantage of this willingness on his part to give up some of the things we do not want him to have for other things which we do want him to have, but we must be fair with him and give him something which, to him, seems of equal or greater value than the thing which we expect him to renounce."

of endeavoring to satisfy his vanity. The boy who knows that he is physically superior to the average likes any sort of a contest in which an opportunity is given for display of this superiority; but games such as wrestling, boxing, tennis, and racing do not appeal to the boy who realizes that he is physically inferior. However, mass games, baseball, basketball, football, and other contests in which teams, rather than individuals, compete, hold an attraction for all boys alike, because the weaker ones rely upon the stronger members of the team to bring success, and when it comes, they please their vanity by assuming that as members of the team they themselves have been as much responsible for that success as anyone else—yet at the same time the real stars know their own achievement and realize that the average onlooker knows it also.

BOYS like games of skill, mental or physical, such as pool, billiards, cards, horseshoes, checkers, chess, etc., but again it is well to remember that these do not appeal to the boy unless he can feel that he has at least an outside chance against his opponent.

I regret to say that many boys are also fond of gambling, partly because they feel that they have a chance of getting something which they want thereby, and partly because it will again please their vanity if they are able to win. It is a matter worthy of note, however, that those who are weakest mentally and physically are most prone to gamble. This is because those who realize that they have scarcely a chance of winning in contests of mental or physical skill, resort to the only kind of a game which can give them any sort of an even chance for victory. If we wish then to keep the boy from gambling, much may be accomplished by developing him to such an extent that he may have some confidence in his ability to cope, upon reasonably even terms, with other boys of his own age and size.

Then boys like animals, especially horses and dogs, because these are the most powerful animals, physically and mentally, which the boy feels certain can be made subservient to his will.

The average boy also likes books, either good or bad, provided they may be easily understood and contain knowledge which he does not already possess or something which will provide a means for the exercise of his imagination.

Again I have found that the average boy wants almost anything that someone else does not want him to

have, this is because in getting it he feels that he has outwitted and outgeneraled the one who does not want him to have it, and some prestige is thus gained among his associates. This is the real reason why boys use tobacco, swear, damage property, and do numerous other things which, for their own and others' good, they should not do. However, the same motive which may prompt him to do these things may be used to hinder him from doing them, if he can be made to want prestige among those who would not approve of his doing them.

Then the average boy wants association, first, with other boys, because they are his peers, mentally and physically, and can and will do the same things he can and wants to do; second, with girls, partly because it is natural, and partly because it pleases his vanity to feel that one of these may admire him more than she does others; third, he wants association with men, especially if it can be had upon terms of reasonable equality. There are several reasons why the boy appreciates association with men. One of these is because he realizes that men may be able to secure certain things for him that he might not otherwise be able to obtain. Another is because he feels that he himself is almost a man. Then again his vanity is very much pleased because he is able to think that someone of consequence is sufficiently interested in him to seek out his company.

There are thousands of other things which the average boy would like to have or would like to do. Some are good and some are bad, but most of them are either good or bad depending upon circumstances. With proper influence his natural tendencies may be utilized for good. Without this proper influence his natural tendencies will carry him in the paths of least resistance, which are usually the crooked paths which lead ultimately to licentious manhood.

In any event, the boy problem is a real problem, and if we are interested in the future welfare of the world we

cannot ignore it. The men of tomorrow are the boys of today. If, during the war, we had no use for the slackers, let us remember that these same slackers once were boys, in whom no one was sufficiently interested to instill courage and the true spirit of patriotism. If we loathe war, let us remember that all wars have been brought about by the selfishness of man or men who, in the days of their youth, were never brought to a full realization of the fact that happiness, real and eternal, comes only to those who have dedicated their lives to unselfish service even as our Lord and Saviour so dedicated his life.

IF we deplore the fact that so much physical imperfection exists among the human race, let us remember that all imperfections have come because someone, at some time, did not do precisely the thing which nature intended that he should do, and that while it may never be possible to entirely overcome the effects of the mistakes of our ancestors, the imperfections may be reduced, both in number and in seriousness, if our boys and girls are taught to obtain and retain good health. If we are provoked because so many of our political leaders are grafters, let us remember that all of these once were boys in whom no one was sufficiently interested to see to it that ideals of good citizenship were instilled into their hearts and minds during that period in which their hearts and minds were still sufficiently plastic to receive the impression.

Whenever we can truly say that the problems of boyhood and of girlhood have been finally solved, then we can also truly say that within a few years more no other problems will exist. We cannot expect this to happen within our time. It may not happen for a thousand years,—it may never happen; but one person can accomplish something, two can do more,—one club can do considerable—and many clubs can do much.

Boys are the chief interest and business of my life. How much longer I may be able to devote as much time and energy in their activities as I have in

the past, I do not know. But this I do know, that whether it be for a long period of time or for a short period of time, my interest will not be decreased. The boys are worthy of my interest and of your interest. No two are alike, and in them you find no camouflage. They may try to hide from you a few of the things which they do, but this is only because they have affection for you and want to hold your respect. No boy ever tries to conceal his attitude toward you. If

(Continued on page 85)



Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

This month we give you—

A Flashlight of an Original Sales Campaign

By DAVID R. KING

A FLASHLIGHT picture is probably the easiest to secure when one goes after a picture of John Sell, of Pittsburg, Kansas. For John is a very modest soul and rather inclined to avoid the fierce white light of publicity. However, there are some things about him which deserve to be more widely known. Of course, there is more to John than just a successful sales campaign, although it is no small achievement to make 9,000 people look for your advertisement each morning; but this campaign is fairly typical of his methods.

John may have learned to appreciate the value of electric light in his youth, when he was getting his early education in the coal mines. At any rate he seems to have discovered several uses for flashlights which are unusual to put it mildly. He entered the mines when he was twelve and spent the next fourteen years in the hazardous tasks of the coal pits. Some twenty years ago he decided to stay on top of the ground, and he went into business at a wage of \$50 a month. Since then he has managed to acquire a business of his own which is housed in a \$50,000 building, and in his spare time he takes a very active interest in Rotary, as well as in other organization activities and in community work of various kinds. Between-whiles he enjoys the company of his three sons, all of whom incidentally are good musicians as well as good business men.

Just how John managed to acquire his business is a matter for debate. Some people will say it is because he is an honest advertiser, and when he says his goods will do something you can be sure that they will. Some say it is because he does not simply catalog his wares, but announces what they are, what they will do, how they will do it, and how long they will continue to do it, four things of considerable importance to the prospective buyer. Some folks say that it is because his advertising has personality, and for proof, they will point to the little advertisement which appears every morning, and which gives the commuter a chuckle along with his breakfast. Probably all of these views are more

John Sell, of Pittsburg, Kansas, has had a varied career. From his twelfth to his twenty-sixth year he took the risks of a coal miner. Now he sells flashlights by an ingenious advertising process that makes newspaper readers look for his advertisements.



or less correct, but a sample of these little advertisements will do more to explain just why they sell the goods, than anything one might say about them.

Here's how John goes at it:

Was Highest Bidder

During the auction sale on J. W. Turpin's farm yesterday, someone whispered something to George Seal, the auctioneer, and he, after looking around with his Sell-Atkins' flashlight, says: "Someone lost a pocketbook with two hundred dollars in it. The owner will give fifty dollars for its return." "I'll give seventy-five," said someone in the crowd.

Mum's the Word

Last night a minister picked up a young lady going his way, and as he drove up to her home and held his Sell-Atkins' flashlight to let her out, she says, "Thank you." "Don't mention it," said the minister. "All right then," said the young lady, "mum's the word."

No Hair to Spare

A Kansas Senator was getting a shave in Jensen's barber shop yesterday and when John looked him over with his Sell-Atkins' flashlight another customer says, "He's pretty bald, isn't he?" "I say he is," replied the barber. "When his hat blows off and he drops his glasses, he's half dressed."

Not Bad Advice

Last night Howard Millington met Wilbur Meyers and after looking him over with a Sell-Atkins' flashlight, says, "You're lookin' bad." "Yep," says Wilbur, "was in the hospital and the doctors took away my appendix." "Those doctors'll take anything. You should've had it in your wife's name."

You will note that there are three things in these advertisements. First,

local color, then a mention of the article; then a touch of humor which folks will remember long after they have forgotten the ordinary advertisement. These three things put together enable John to sell more flashlights than anyone in his city, and his policy of the friendly approach plus good service, makes it possible for him to keep his customers.

John does not confine all his sales efforts to newspaper advertisements. Recently he arranged a window display which attracted some 30,000 people. In addition to this he has another source of ideas, one which some business men neglect. He is always glad to see a salesman, and if the salesman cannot sell him anything else, he can usually furnish John with new yarns from which John derives new advertisements.

Rotarian Sell is also active in his Chamber of Commerce.

After all diamonds and coal are only different forms of carbon, but John seems to have found a diamond idea in a coal mine. When Sir Humphry Davy reduced the danger of mine explosions by inserting a wire gauze between the flame and the explosive gas he did something very like what is done when a man inserts advertising that is "different" between his business and public opinion.

Principles of Business Conduct

*A practical guide for business and individual enterprise
adopted by the United States Chamber of Commerce*

THE function of business is to provide for the material needs of mankind, and to increase the wealth of the world and the value and happiness of life. In order to perform its function it must offer a sufficient opportunity for gain to compensate individuals who assume its risks, but the motives which lead individuals to engage in business are not to be confused with the function of business itself. When business enterprise is successfully carried on with constant and efficient endeavor to reduce the costs of production and distribution, to improve the quality of its products, and to give fair treatment to customers, capital, management, and labor, it renders public service of the highest value.

We believe the expression of principles drawn from these fundamental truths will furnish practical guides for the conduct of business as a whole and for each individual enterprise.

I. THE FOUNDATION of business is confidence, which springs from integrity, fair dealing, efficient service, and mutual benefit.

II. THE REWARD of business for service rendered is a fair profit plus a safe reserve, commensurate with risks involved and foresight exercised.

III. EQUITABLE CONSIDERATION is due in business alike to capital, management, employees, and the public.

IV. KNOWLEDGE—thorough and specific—and unceasing study of the facts and forces affecting a business enterprise are essential to a lasting individual success and to efficient service to the public.

V. PERMANENCY and continuity of service are basic aims of business, that knowledge gained may be fully utilized, confidence, and efficiency increased.

VI. OBLIGATIONS TO ITSELF AND SOCIETY PROMPT BUSINESS UNCEASINGLY to strive toward continuity of operation, bettering conditions of employment, and increasing the efficiency and opportunities of individual employees.

VII. CONTRACTS and understandings, written or oral, are to be performed in letter and in spirit. Changed conditions do not justify their cancellation.

VIII. REPRESENTATION of goods and services should be truthfully made and scrupulously fulfilled.

IX. WASTE in any form,—of capital, labor, service, material, or natural resources,—is intolerable, and constant

effort will be made toward its elimination.

X. EXCESSES of every nature,—inflation of credit, over-expansion, over-buying, over-stimulation of sales,—which create artificial conditions and produce crises and depressions, are condemned.

XI. UNFAIR COMPETITION, embracing all acts characterized by bad faith, deception, fraud, or oppression, including commercial bribery, is wasteful, despicable, and a public wrong. Business will rely for its success on the excellence of its own service.

XII. CONTROVERSIES will, where possible, be adjusted by voluntary agreement or impartial arbitration.

XIII. CORPORATE FORMS do not absolve from or alter the moral obligations of individuals. Responsibilities will be as courageously and conscientiously discharged by those acting in representative capacities as when acting for themselves.

XIV. LAWFUL CO-OPERATION among business men and in useful business organizations in support of these principles of business conduct is commended.

XV. BUSINESS should render restrictive legislation unnecessary through so conducting itself as to deserve and inspire public confidence.

IN addition to the principles of business conduct outlined above, two other subjects of wide general interest were given major attention at the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which was held in Cleveland on May 6th, 7th and 8th, 1924. The subjects were (1) International Economic Restoration, and (2), World Court. The declarations on these two subjects were as follows:

International Economic Restoration

The annual meeting joins with the recent action of the International Chamber of Commerce in declaring that the plans submitted by the two Committees of Experts to the Reparation Commission on April 9 provide a basis for a permanent settlement of the problem of reparations, and, furthermore, offer a real prospect of providing practical measures for the removal of obstacles which hitherto have appeared insurmountable. We also agree with the International Chamber of Commerce that the reports of the ex-

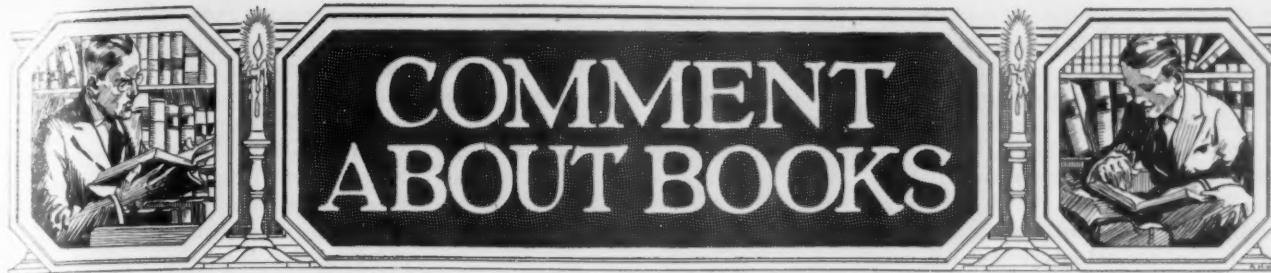
perts offer opportunity for immediate action which business men believe so necessary for an improvement in world conditions, and that the plans furthermore open the way for a final and comprehensive agreement in regard to those other problems which are connected with the settlement of reparations.

We unhesitatingly express ourselves in accord with the underlying sentiments and essential principles which the plans set forth. We also extend assurance that so far as an American business organization may find opportunity for usefulness in supporting the plans of the experts, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will lend its assistance to the full extent of its power.

We desire also to support cordially the proposal for a general international conference to deal with economic questions and the further limitation of armament when the experts' plans just accepted by the Reparation Commission have been in operation for such a period that steps for a further conference may be taken with confidence of success.

World Court

The Chamber reiterates its position in support of the International Court of Justice and urges the Senate of the United States to signify its consent to the proposal which has been made by the Executive. The Chamber believes that the Court, being permanent, composed of judges dealing with legal controversies, assuring continuity in the further development of international law, is thoroughly sound in principle. The Court is essentially judicial, acts only through trained judges; a country adhering to it incurs no obligation to enforce its decrees and does not even incur any obligation to submit its own controversies except to the extent that it may see fit at the time the controversy arises. The Chamber regards the Court as a going concern of great value in the promotion of orderly international processes, and believes the Court would be of far greater value in these respects if given the moral support of the United States; believes that any effort to scrap the Court and make a new one would, even if successful, work no substantial improvement, and would, as a matter of fact, involve delay and disappointment and the unwarranted withholding of the needed moral support of this country.



The Real Sarah Bernhardt

By Mme. Pierre Berton and Basil Woon

"SHE is more than an artiste—more than a queen—she is a woman," Victor Hugo is reported in "The Real Sarah Bernhardt" to have said of the great French woman on one occasion. And that phrase is a most complete analysis of what Mme. Pierre Berton told Basil Woon and Mr. Woon has incorporated in the new Bernhardt book, from which the quotation is made. The book will occupy rather an odd niche in Bernhardt literature. Because she was intimately associated with the great actress as a member of her company, Mme. Berton may be expected to have a very high opinion of the artistic ability of her subject. But it might be also borne in mind that Mme. Berton is a thorough French woman herself, given to the emotional enthusiasms of her Gallic ancestry and that during most of the time of her association with Bernhardt she was the wife of the tragedienne's leading man! A leading man, by the way, who for several years was regarded as his star's accepted lover.

Therefore "The Real Sarah Bernhardt's" story (published by Boni & Liveright, New York City) is told from both the standpoint of the admiring fellow-artiste, the personal friend and confidant, and the rival—the successful rival, too—for the affections of the same man. The story is a very remarkable and frank statement of the life history of the actress as a woman more than as an artiste. Mme. Berton gives no judgments of the conduct of Bernhardt. She simply states what she knows to be facts and lets them go for what they are worth. Nor does she attack or seek in any way to belittle the greatness of the actress who was at once her idol as an artiste and a human being having most of the frailties of humanity coupled with a temperament that led her to exhibit them in no uncertain way.

Not the least interesting by any means are the numerous photographs with which the volume is illustrated.

The book is frankly a French woman's statement of another French woman's very turbulent life from the standpoint of her personality rather than to give a history of her artistic achievements or set biographical data.—GARDNER MACK.

Handling Callers in the Office

By Helen Hysell

It is well that such a subject as this should be discussed by a woman; because women have a sort of instinct for the amenities which many men have not, and because the majority of reception clerks are women.

This friendly little volume, which is published by The Purchasing Agent Co., Inc., New York City, tells you how to avoid the possible loss of business opportunities, valuable employees, and executive's time, which results from blunders in the reception-room. All of us have occasionally entered an office and been made to feel that we should apologize for daring to do so, even thought our presence might have meant some advantage to the manager.

A pleasant greeting and prompt attention to a caller's needs may save serious losses to the business which has absorbed your best efforts. This little book tells some ways of insuring reception-room efficiency, and gives other valuable information on a subject which has not received much attention in books for the business man.

Introduction to Advertising

By Arthur Judson Brewster and Herbert Hall Palmer

Prepared by two members of the faculty of Syracuse University, this discussion of fundamentals in advertising goes briskly about its task. The book is planned rather to show the student of advertising what he should do than to caution him about what he should avoid. It is comparatively free of the technicalities which make some such books rather tedious reading, and suggests many ways for the student to test his understanding of the principles set forth. The illustrations are chosen from a wide field, so that your special problem is likely to have some parallels from which you can derive ideas. The volume is one of a number of unusually good business books issued by the A. W. Shaw Company, Chicago.

Since a good deal of our daily life is influenced by advertising, a knowledge of the principles by which successful advertisers are guided implies a better understanding of humanity, as well as an equipment of value in your own projects.

A Book on "Creative Selling"

By Charles Henry Mackintosh

Among the welter of books of selling which read like lectures on theosophy it is pleasant to find something like this, something which substitutes common-sense for pseudo-psychology. The author is a former international president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, one who knows the necessity of *selling* the products or ideas which his readers may have to offer. How to develop selling ability is concisely explained in the four parts of the book, in terms and illustrations which can be assimilated by anyone of average intelligence. After a brief description of the brain processes, Mr. Mackintosh offers you seven "keys" to selling; you need, he says: First, knowledge of the subject; second, knowledge of the object; third, knowledge of the prospect. These things are essential to your selling plan. After the plan comes the performance, and for this you must keep in mind four things: to make it easy for him to *pay attention*; second, easy for him to *understand*; third, for him to *believe*; and fourth, for him to *act*.

If the ideas outlined in this book (published by Appleton's, New York City) were generally adopted there would be a considerable saving in overhead, and it is likely that many men who now hold subordinate positions because they do not know how to co-ordinate their abilities and the public good, might, through intelligent application of these ideas, advance both their own ends and those of the public. But quite apart from salesmanship, the book is a course in human peculiarities, traits, inclinations and disinclinations, as interesting as a novel.—A. M.

Taxation: The People's Business

By Andrew W. Mellon

Everybody pays taxes either directly or indirectly, and everybody should be vitally interested in the equitable distribution and effectual use of those taxes. If it were possible to keep the issues of taxation free from the distortion caused by partisan politics, the average citizen in each country would have a much better chance of getting value for his money. Since it is not, the taxpayer owes it to himself as well as to his nation, to test taxation schemes

by economic reasoning rather than by party principles—if, indeed, he is sufficiently clever to discover the guiding principles of any political party.

The "Mellon plan," which has come in for considerable discussion lately, seems capable of such treatment, since the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury has merely attempted a consistent application of the old adage that one does not grow wealthy by "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." In his chapters on fundamental principles of taxation; treasury policies; revising the taxes; surtaxes; taxing energy and initiative; estate taxes; benefits of tax reduction; and tax-exempt securities; Mr. Mellon carries into the field of taxation the old economic principle concerning the point of greatest total returns on a monopoly. Mr. Mellon's book is published by Macmillan's New York City.

Coming at a time when public estimate of administrative management of many countries is hardly at its apogee; when the United States government in particular is more or less hidden behind a concentric series of investigations; any scheme for national taxation in the United States is apt to receive unusually severe criticism, and unless it is well founded the scheme is certain to be amputated if not destroyed entirely. National and municipal finances have grown beyond the point where they can be lightly dismissed for any political consideration, and all business men will do well to give thoughtful consideration to any plan which promises relief to initiative.—C. ST. J.

Fundamentals of Vocational Psychology

By Charles H. Griffits

Some groundwork in psychology should precede the reading of this book, but for those students who are preparing for personnel work, and for those who are already engaged in this type of work, such a book will prove valuable. The subject is one which has suffered considerably from the prevalent errors of various pseudo-sciences, yet the demand for the elimination of unnecessary labor turn-over must ultimately bring a return to methods of selection which are based on demonstrable facts.

The ways in which men differ, and the extent of the divergence, are things which can be determined by science, and the results can be applied to business. While vocational psychology is still better fitted to discover what a man is *not* fitted for, than what he is likely to do well, this negative procedure can save many from years of effort in fields for which they are not specially adapted. How this is done, why it cannot be done by the pseudo-sciences, and why it should be done, are set forth

with much interesting detail. The author, who is on the faculty of the University of Michigan, points out that an understanding of the general principles involved is more important than a knowledge of special instances, since all practice is based on theory. The Macmillan Co. (New York City) are the publishers.

Editing the Day's News

By George C. Bastian

Everyone reads newspapers, and sooner or later nearly everyone contributes something to the day's news. A knowledge of newspaper terms, methods, and ethics, has therefore, some value for everybody, but particularly for those whose work brings them into direct contact with the editorial or advertising section of the press.

Twenty years' experience as reporter, managing editor, part owner, libel investigator, fiction reader, day and night city editor, and assistant Sunday editor gave George C. Bastian the materials from which he selected the contents of this book. He tells you what news is, where and how it is secured, and what is done to present it to the best advantage. The abundance of illustrations makes his comments easy of comprehension, and a certain pithiness of expression born of much headline writing helps you to remember what you read. It is published by the Macmillan Co., New York City.

As a book for journalism students it has a special value, for it is the outcome of a course of lectures given by Mr. Bastian in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, and the material has been subjected to constant revision for some years. But even the seasoned editor can well keep a copy handy for reference purposes, and the business man will find it useful when preparing advertising copy, or when he desires to submit a story for publication.

A foreword by H. F. Harrington, director of the school in which this material was first used, points out the value of such a book, first as a means of getting the embryo journalist started with the least friction, and second, as a help to the public whom the newspaper man serves.

An Outline of Municipal Government

By Chester C. Maxey

Municipal government has been described by Lord Bryce as "the most conspicuous failure" in the American system. Although conditions have improved somewhat since that verdict was given, there is still room for a very considerable advance in the intelligent solution of those problems which city

electorates must face. Every man who is really interested in his city can find some new incentive in "An Outline of Municipal Government," by Professor Maxey, of Western Reserve University, which is published by Doubleday-Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. This study of problems in municipal government, municipal functions and municipal finances, is comprehensive but compact. For those who desire further information, we recommend that the use of this outline be supplemented by "Readings in Municipal Government," by the same author (and the same publisher), a selection of source material, which should be of great value to the careful voter and the civil service official.

American cities are increasing their population very rapidly, and new problems arising from congested conditions are being added to the old questions of administration. The finances of large cities, which involve the collection and expenditure of vast sums, are matters which we dare not leave to predatory politicians or incompetent officials.

The rule of an uninformed electorate, the empirical methods of transient administrators, are both dangerous to the public safety. Careful study by responsible citizens, backed by the skill of disinterested experts, is the only thing which will save the average city dweller from such perils. Anything which aids such municipal effort deserves the attention of business men generally, and is specially suitable for those whom civic pride calls to leadership.

From Immigrant to Inventor

By Michael Pupin

Someone has said "A good autobiography, when it is good, is about the best thing in all literature," and in the volume "From Immigrant to Inventor," issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, we have all of the essentials that are needed for a really good autobiography. American literature has been well enriched during the past two years by two autobiographies which stand out prominently—this one by Mr. Pupin, and "The Americanization of Edward Bok." Curiously enough each of them deals with the Americanization of an immigrant.

In this life story of an American scientist of international fame, once a Serbian herdboy, now professor of electro-mechanics at Columbia University, inventor of the "Pupin coil" which enables us to telephone across a continent, we have one of the best books recently published in America. It is produced on a large scale, amply illustrated, written with a simplicity that is genius—an unusually fine human document that carries an inspiration on each page.



Long Live Rotary!

IN the April number of **THE ROTARIAN** there appears the statement by a member of a Rotary club, who is secretary of a Chamber of Commerce, that the Rotary club in every city of less than 75,000 inhabitants should surrender its charter and cease to exist, providing that city has a Chamber of Commerce.

This writer's contention is that once a Chamber of Commerce has been established in such a city Rotary's task in that community has been completed. He believes there is nothing a Rotary club can do, but can be accomplished equally well, or better, by the Chamber of Commerce. The latter organization, he points out, embraces not a comparatively few leaders of the community, but all the progressive business men of the city. *A priori* he asserts that the Rotary, or luncheon club, as he prefers to term Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and others, work for only a small group while the chamber works for the whole city.

The only clubs that amount to anything, he alleges, are those in cities of more than 75,000 people, and then only when the club has a paid secretary. Any truthful Chamber of Commerce or Rotary club executive, he asserts, will admit that all the rest are mere groups of pleasure-seekers and self-praisers.

First we wish to congratulate this Rotarian on the thoroughness with which he is sold on the Chamber of Commerce. This is really most commendable. We believe there is not a Rotarian but is always pleased to learn of a chamber secretary who has such faith in the efficiency of this organization which has ever had the hearty support of Rotary.

However, it is just possible for one, in his enthusiasm for his particular field of endeavor, to become so engrossed in his work that he develops a vocational astigmatism not wholly conducive to clear and impartial vision. There is always the necessity that he guard against the tendency to interpret with a predisposed mind the motives and activities of an individual or of an organization.

In this particular instance we believe that the writer to whom we have referred has made the unfortunate error of assuming for the basis of his dis-

FROM the large number of communications that have been received in reply to the letter of William J. Walker of Greensburg, Pa., suggesting that Rotary clubs give up their charters in towns of less than 75,000, we have selected two for publication in this department this month by reason of the fact that they analyze in an unusually able way the relations of the Rotary club and the Chamber of Commerce. The first letter is from the secretary of a Rotary club and the second from the secretary of a Chamber of Commerce. Both writers live in cities of less than 10,000 population.

cussion an untenable hypothesis. This implied supposition seems to be that the Rotary club is an organization attempting to function in a manner similar to the Chamber of Commerce; that it has for its objectives none, more or less, than those by which the chamber is identified.

Such a view is entirely foreign to the teachings of Rotary and has more than once been controverted at the International convention. Whatever a Rotary club may be it is not, and should never aspire to be, a substitute for a Chamber of Commerce. However, it is, and always will be, a most valuable aid to the chamber.

As this secretary has admitted, many chambers owe their origin to the Rotary club. In some instances this has been accomplished through organized club effort, in others, and more frequently, through the activities of Rotarians as individuals. And right here is the big thing that Rotary has done, and will always continue to do for its Chamber of Commerce—to supply its share of leadership which is made possible through development of the individual Rotarian. This is the great service that Rotary lends to the business world, be it in the Chamber of Commerce, the vocational association or the business of a neighbor craftsman—this development of the man proper along high ideals of business morality.

The writer of the article we are discussing reminds us that the methods of the Chamber of Commerce have un-

dergone a change in the last five years. What has changed them? More than anything else it has been the influence brought to bear by the individual members of such clubs as that of Rotary. Moreover, it is not unreasonable to assume that another five years will have witnessed even greater strides toward a higher ethical standard in our Chamber of Commerce. And when that time arrives it will require no searching analysis to determine the underlying factor for the progress.

The statement that nothing worth while has ever been accomplished in any but the large clubs, with paid secretaries, is further evidence of a sectorized view of Rotary. It seems to represent an insistent attempt to define Rotary as simply a commercial club. It appears to demand as an apology for the existence of a Rotary club a great mass of brick and mortar to which the club may point as one of its achievements. This is applied Rotary and as such is daily exemplified through the accomplishments of the Chamber of Commerce which has enjoyed the benefits of the individual Rotarian's civic pride and vision. But Rotary is not finished when it has lent assistance to such a physical gain. Towering high is a heart goal to give those, who make such a physical achievement possible, a healthy attitude of mind toward the workers who will be found within the walls of such a building.

While a Rotary club is not a commercial club, it is true that it has contact with the business world. Its members are business men. As such it is eminently proper that they should be eager to assist in promoting the civic interests of their community. One of the effective ways in which they may accomplish this desire is through their Chamber of Commerce. And let us not forget that Rotarians are able to serve the more effectively as individual members of their Chamber of Commerce for the very reason that they are Rotarians.

Constantly, the member of a Rotary club is being schooled for higher and more comprehensive service. Around the weekly luncheon table he is learning the rewards of fellowship. He is becoming imbued with the highest ideals of business and social conduct. The impressive (Cont'd on page 35.)



Starving the Jackals

ANYONE who heard the soul-blistering language in which soldiers at the front expressed their opinion of people who made a good thing out of the war, and anyone who realized the injustice whereby one man was permitted to risk his life that another might acquire an obese bank balance, must surely realize the manifest fairness of the peace plan proposed by the *Christian Science Monitor*. In a recent editorial, the *Monitor* expounded an idea which, while it has a beautiful simplicity in itself, is very apt to complicate life exceedingly for the war-time profiteer. Briefly, the *Monitor* urges that in time of war the government shall have power to conscript both capital and labor.

Such a proposition would put the whole nation on a military footing. There would be no excess profits for the manufacturer, and no high wages for the man in "essential industries." Everybody would have to do his bit.

The plan is being widely discussed and has been enthusiastically endorsed in many quarters. Not the least interesting thing about it is the naive grace with which it leaves all men their choice between being branded as unpatriotic or accepting the issue. One has a grimly amusing vision of the bashful profiteer's embarrassment over the crude directness of the thing. If this plan were adopted in the United States it is likely that it would be copied by other nations, and that there would be much less incentive for war. Doubtless the idea will cause much rustling and scampering in the political jungles, but if public opinion favors it, there will be lean years ahead for the jackals.

Gaining Momentum

THE business men of the United States have an annual gathering in the convention of their National Chamber of Commerce. One of the three subjects given major attention at their recent convention at Cleveland was "The Responsibility and Integrity of Business." Under this general head were three topics, "Science and Business," "The Opportunity and Responsibility of Trade Associations," and "Standards of Business Conduct." The convention adopted a set of principles of business conduct which we are printing on another page. Thus another powerful impetus is given to high ethical standards in business.

"Yours Indignantly"

AT some time in his business career nearly every executive believes he has occasion either to write or to answer one of those letters which might well end with "Yours Indignantly." Whether the letter is going or coming its nature is fairly evident in every line. The writer is seeing red—and doesn't care who knows it. He feels that he has been badly treated, and therefore he wants somebody's scalp to use as salve for his wounds. Quite possibly he is entirely justified in believing that he has not been treated fairly; the question is whether or not a letter calculated to raise blisters will help the situation.

There is, of course, a certain amount of deliberate unfairness and discourtesy in business. But there is a good deal more of accidental delay, or misunderstanding, which, however irritating it may be to the victim, is not improved by the attempt to construe it as something worse. Men fall ill, mail goes astray, and a hundred other things are innocent causes of business conflict.

Where there is clear evidence of inefficiency, the writer of the caustic letter has some reason for dipping his pen into the acid bottle—though even then it is always dubious whether his biting remarks will help things very materially. But unless the evidence for the prosecution is entirely clear, there can be no excuse for such a letter. And even if the evidence is clear, there is a rather good rule to remember before sending the caustic letter. Write it, yes, but read it the next morning and then decide if it should be consigned to the mail box—or the waste basket.

It is one of the marks of a good sportsman that he always gives his opponent the benefit of the doubt. Anyone who fails to apply this system to his business dealings classifies himself as what our English cousins term "a pot-hunter."

Although letter-writing is now largely a lost art, it is still possible to retain some of the courtesy apparent in letters of the quill-pen era though quite unnecessary to employ the circumlocution and florid style of those days. Even a cablegram can be so worded that the recipient will sense the friendliness of the sender. The man who finds it necessary to write many letters of the "yours indignantly" type really needs a nurse—not a stenographer.



ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES



HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guest's badge, and make yourself at home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the world!

Fossil Hunt Interests Fifty Y. M. C. A. Boys

GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—During Boy's Week the local Rotarians took fifty Y. M. C. A. boys on a trip to the dinosaur fields which lie about twenty miles west of the city. In many instances the trip was as much of a revelation to the hosts as it was to the guests.

After learning the story of these giant, prehistoric lizards, and getting instructions as to the identification of their remains, the party divided itself into groups and systematically searched the fields for fossils.

Many interesting remains were discovered. Pieces of highly polished agate, the sharp edges of which had apparently been removed by the contact with other stones during their sojourn in the dinosaurs' gizzards were found. Some of these stones were half the size of a man's fist, and were highly polished by the action of the gastric juices and the rubbing against other stones. Many petrified dinosaur bones, partly broken up, were brought to light. Some of these were as large as the body of a man, and one was a rib 15 feet in length.

Other interesting relics included specimens of petrified flowers of the bulb variety. Bits of petrified wood were plentiful, with the rings of the tree, the grain of the wood, and the knots, still clearly defined. Snail shells, petrified in pink agate were also numerous.

After spending several hours in the dinosaur field the party drove to the Colorado River. Here the boys showed their familiarity with outdoor life by preparing a fine campfire meal. The trip was greatly enjoyed by the boys and the Rotarians liked it so well that other similar outings are being planned.

Propose to Bind Clubs By Invisible Links

CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.—It has been suggested by a Cheltenham Rotarian that every British Rotary club should procure a radio set, so that when one of the high officials is making a special address all the clubs can "listen in" and get the benefit. While nothing definite has been done as yet, it has been urged that the expense, the shifting of meeting days, etc., are not insurmountable obstacles, and possibly some arrangement of this kind can be worked out.



Photo: Hugh Galloway, Newcastle, Eng.

Canon William Thompson Elliott, the newly elected president of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland, has served Rotary as a club president, chairman of the Education Committee of R. I. B. I., and Vice-President of R. I. B. I. Rotarians will remember him as a speaker at the Edinburgh Convention and other important Rotary gatherings. He was the vicar of St. Peter's, Leicester, and joined Liverpool Rotary when he was appointed Residentiary Canon of the new cathedral of that city.

Over the River Burial Society Holds First Wake

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Formed for the express purpose of escorting past and departing international presidents, district governors, and local presidents, as they go "across the river," the Over the River Burial Society of the St. Louis club recently staged its first "wake." The society has its own officers who bear such appropriate titles as "chief monument," "chief marker," etc. The members wear a white cap on which is embroidered "Over the River," while a black cap is the sign of the initiate or "first clod." The first wake was held at the home of Rotarian Dick Hassall, the "chief monument," who was presented with a beautiful outfit for the serving of iced tea and other liquids. Meetings will be held annually and the society is unique in that it has no dues. Ray Havens, immediate past international president, has had his name entered on the tablettes of the society.

Honor Winners of Corn Club Contest

LAFADETTE, IND.—At a recent meeting, local Rotarians awarded medals to the members of the Stockwell, Ind., Corn Club, winners of the state championship. This is one of the Tippecanoe County corn clubs which the Rotarians have been encouraging in various ways. Early in the year, Lafayette Rotarians offered to help the boys in their work for economical corn production, and the offer met with a hearty response from the corn clubs and contributing agencies. Through booster meetings, arranged by the Rotarians, the membership of these corn clubs has been increased more than 100 per cent, and incidentally a better understanding created between the business man on the farm and the business man in the city.

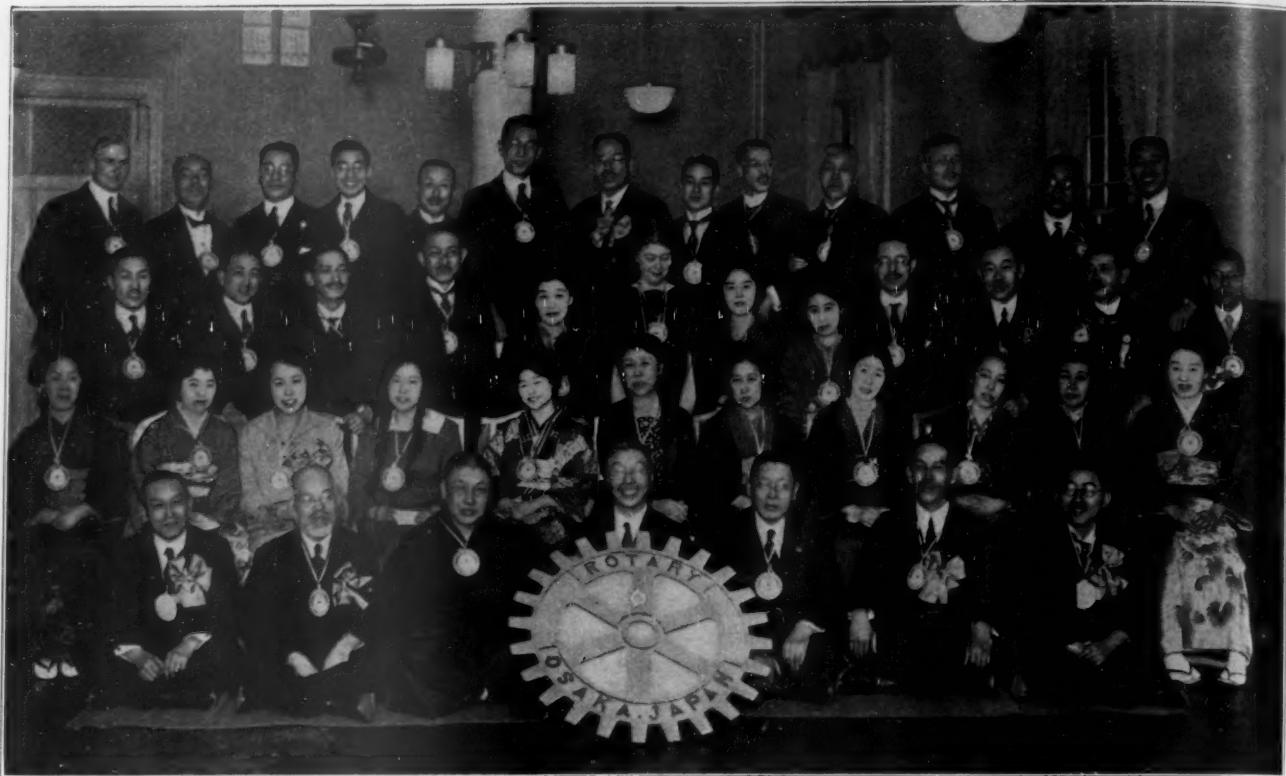


Photo: Mitsukoshi, Osaka.

The Rotary Club of Osaka recently held a "Ladies Night." It was a picturesque affair, representative of the ideals and traditions of Old Nippon, and Rotary fun and fellowship prevailed until the sun peeped over the horizon.

The winning of honors by one of the county teams shows that the co-operating agencies are getting results, but the work will not stop here. Plans are in process for a picnic, in which club boys will have a leading part; for a corn show at the close of the year; and for a demonstration of corn judging at a banquet to be given by Rotary for the winners and their fathers. A large number of Rotarians will visit one or more boys several times during the year. They will learn how the boys selected the seed corn, what the germination test was, and how the ground was prepared. The boys will have a chance to teach something and appreciate the value of useful labor.

Play Ball for Benefit Of Athletic Fund

EUSTIS, FLA.—A ball game between Rotarians and the Eustis high school team, which was arranged for the benefit of the high-school athletic association, proved that the rising generation is still rising. The boys scored ten runs in the first inning, and this handicap plus the difficulty of distinguishing the ball from a bird, and of stopping whizzing bullets with a fielder's glove, prevented the Rotarians from making a score consistent with their dignity. About the fifth inning, the boys held a conference, and after that the Rotarians did better, but the final score was 14 to 12 in favor of the high school. Early in the game the umpire was "arrested" on a charge of robbing the

Rotarians. But despite this interruption, and others occasioned by the necessity of digging Rotarian players out of sandhills in which they attempted premature burial, everybody had a good time.

New Members Are Kept Busy and Interested

CANTON, MISS.—The local club takes special pains to see that its baby Rotarians are well instructed and given opportunity to serve as soon as possible. Recently the club took in four members. The chairman of the educational committee invited these men to meet at his home with the members of his committee and a whole evening was spent in explaining the fundamentals of Rotary to the initiates. Once in the club, the new members are placed in charge of a meeting program as soon as possible, which gives them a chance to test their knowledge of Rotary and to get well acquainted.

Erect Dining-Room To Accommodate 200 Children

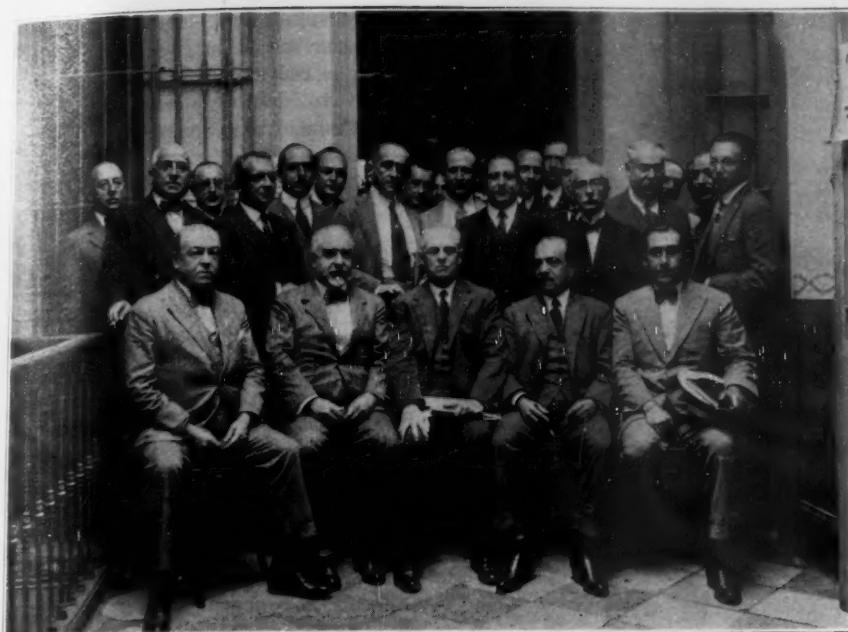
MUSKEGON, MICH.—A new dining-room and kitchen to accommodate 200 children is being erected by Muskegon Rotary at Blue Lake Camp for crippled and undernourished children of the county. The camp itself was purchased at a cost of \$33,000 on the initiative of the club, which underwrote the cost, organized a community drive to raise the funds, purchased the property and deeded it to the Muskegon Children's

Home, also a *protege* of the club. The camp has been taking care of about eighty children at a time, the maximum capacity of its present dining room. By voluntary subscription, the Rotarians raised \$4,000 among their own membership, which will provide the new dining quarters. The building will be dedicated to deceased members of the club and will bear an appropriate bronze tablet. It is expected that the new building will be finished before the opening of the camp, June 25th. At the same time new playground equipment, which was bought by the club last summer but not received till the camp was closing, will be ready for the children's use.

Honor High School Graduates At Annual Dinner

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Following the establishment of the student's loan fund in 1919, the educational committee of Dallas Rotary conceived the idea that an annual dinner with an appropriate program, given in honor of graduates of Dallas and Dallas County high schools would encourage the boys to go on to college. So this year, this dinner was again held with the county and city superintendents of schools, members of the Dallas School Board, and the principals of the high schools as guests.

This year the educational committee decided to have the boys present at a regular meeting of the Rotary Club and in view of Dr. Kimball's retirement as



Special Commissioner Herbert P. Coates was given a pleasant task when, on the occasion of his recent visit to the Rotary Club of Lima, Peru, he was charged to deliver silk national flags of Uruguay and Peru to the Rotary Club of Montevideo, Uruguay. He is the organizer and also the president of the Montevideo club. The presentation of these flags will be a new bond between the youngest and the oldest clubs in South America as well as between two republics. Although small in numbers, the young club at Lima is very enthusiastic about Rotary. The group picture above shows Special Commissioner Coates, the third man from the left in the first row. The picture to the right shows the luncheon at which he made an interesting report on the development of Rotary in South America.



superintendent of schools, to honor him by designating the affair "Kimball Day." Dr. Kimball, the chief speaker, was introduced by Rotarian Bill Everett, who has been chairman of the educational committee since this work was undertaken. A total of 357 boys, the largest number ever entertained at these affairs, enjoyed the program.

Give Recognition to Long-Service Employees

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—More than 23,000 years of service were represented at a dinner given by the local Rotary club, when 558 employees who had each served some one firm for over 37 years were the guests of honor. Sixty-two of these men had been in the employ of a single firm or corporation for fifty years or more. One of them had a record of 60 years of continuous service, three had served 59 years; five, 58 years; one, 57 years; three, 56 years;

three, 55 years; nine, 54 years; two, 53 years; thirteen, 52 years; eleven, 51 years; and eleven, 50 years.

The total number of years of service represented at the dinner was 23,653. It was estimated, on the basis of 300 days a year, that these men had worked a total of 7,095,900 days, and that the worth of their service to the community, on the basis of \$1,500 a year, had been \$35,479,500.

The dinner was served at the beautiful clubhouse of the Sunnephanna Country Club and was presided over by Past President Michael J. Bracken, at whose suggestion the dinner had been arranged. In his address of welcome he referred to the guests as "the Builders of Johnstown" and expressed the pleasure of the Rotarians at the presence of those who had set such fine examples of service. The principal speaker was Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the

board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and an honorary member of Johnstown Rotary. More than five hundred employees from the Cambria Steel Works, an important unit of the Bethlehem Steel plants, were among the guests. Other speakers were M. W. Clement, general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge." Music was furnished by the Johnstown Celtic Glee Club and the committee in charge of the dinner was composed of past presidents of Johnstown Rotary.

Cosmopolitan Gatherings At Council Dinners

LONDON, ENGLAND.—A series of dinners held at the Hotel Cecil during May and June gave Rotarians from overseas and from the provinces a chance to meet the council, the president, and the past presidents of London Rotary. Many availed themselves of

this chance for new friendships and the account of a recent dinner shows that Rotarians from Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States, and various British clubs enjoyed each other's society and found new opportunities for lasting friendships.

The Calliope That Called To Community Service

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.—"Jingling Brothers" Circus—greater than "The Greatest Show on Earth" — came to town on May 1st and 2nd and added \$1,500 to Binghampton Rotary's fund for crippled children.

The entire show was organized and carried out by members of Rotary. The hearty co-operation of everyone concerned not only brought fame for "the trained elephants," "the animals of the ark," "the ring-tailed wampus," "the clowns," "the freaks," and "the demi-john dancers"; but also made the *esprit*



Honolulu Rotarians recently gave themselves a half-day off on the regular meeting day and gathered at the Oahu Country Club which is said to possess one of the prettiest 18-hole courses in the world. The afternoon was devoted to a tournament with visitors in which the non-golfers served meekly as caddies. The affair proved such a success that plans are being made for a similar event next season. This picture shows a few of those participating. They are (left to right): Scott Boyd, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Herb Jamison, Fitchburg, Mass.; H. M. Conger, Seattle, Wash.; Joe Jamieson, Boston, Mass.; T. W. McFadden, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Hugh Mackay, Montreal, Canada; W. H. Oliver, Seattle, Wash.; Walter Moody, Sacramento, Cal., and Chapin A. Day, Ogden, Utah.

de corps of the club stronger than ever. Great assistance was given by the Rotary Anns and members of various boys' clubs in which Rotary is interested. The parade which preceded the opening performance was replete with the features of a professional circus. The finale of the performance was a pageant depicting the origin and development of Rotary International and its support to crippled children.

Plans are being made to hold this circus every year in the interest of crippled children's work.

College Glee Club Contest Arouses Much Interest

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Practically a capacity audience attended the second annual competition of South Carolina university and college glee clubs held under the auspices of the local Rotary club. Singers from the University of South Carolina, Furman University, Presbyterian College, Wofford College, Newberry College, and Clemson A. & M. College, tried for the trophy cup donated last year by the Greenville Rotary club. Each glee club sang the prize song, "Land Sighting," a song of its own selection, and its Alma Mater song. While the judges were making their decision the Furman club entertained with several songs and the combined clubs of more than one hundred voices sang, "To Thee, O Country," an inspirational number. The unanimous decision of the judges awarded the trophy to the University of South Carolina, while Presbyterian College, with the smallest club competing, received honorable mention. Last year, Wofford College won.

Columbia Rotary had entire charge

of the competition, and the students were the guests of the Rotarians at lunch. In the afternoon, the singers were given special entertainment at Columbia College for Women, and in the evening they were the guests of Chicora College for Women.

The judges of the contest were Professor Twaddell of Trinity College, N. C.; Professor Paul de Launay of Howard College, Ala., and Mrs. W. G. Locke, a talented Charleston musician.

The good work done by Columbia Rotary in promoting college music

greatly supplements the efforts made by Greenville Rotary last year. So strong is the appeal of this glee club contest to South Carolina Rotarians that it is said that Spartanburg Rotary is already seeking the privilege of handling next year's competition.

Boys Present Loving Cup To Head of Club

PITTSBURGH, PA.—David I. McCahill who is head of the Boy's Club promoted by Pittsburgh Rotary, was given a pleasant surprise when six hundred boys who have been saving their pennies during the winter, presented him with a loving cup as a token of their appreciation for his efforts on their behalf. The presentation was made at a Rotary meeting, when one of the boys had charge of the program for fifteen minutes. Dave is a forty-year-old boy himself, as you will know if you heard his speech at the Toronto convention.

Arrange Sports Program To Attract Tourists

PORT HURON, MICH.—This city has already some reputation as a summer resort, but it seemed to the inhabitants that there were still many tourists who were comparatively oblivious of their opportunities. So the service clubs and the Chamber of Commerce launched a publicity campaign to let the world know what Port Huron had to offer.

Each club becomes sponsor for a certain day, taking charge of all arrangements for that day. Rotary leads off with the first day of sports on June 28th; and in co-operation with the Boy Scouts has arranged for an International Scout meet. Besides this there



It was for the boys and girls of east Carolina that the Rotary Club of Washington, N. C., became a collection of dusky maids from the Carolina back woods and Miss Ima Bean of Boston came down to make ladies of them. Camp Leach, a summer camp on Pamlico River, needed funds and the Rotarians undertook to raise them. They put on a skit entitled "We Don't Want to Be No Ladies," and all the members entered into the spirit of the affair. A nice sum was realized for the benefit of the children's camp. President John W. Isanogle is the little boy with the umbrella, front row, third from left.

will be a boys' track meet open to all-comers. Rotary has also arranged for some rather unusual stunts. They will have an old hulk beached, off the shore, opposite a city park and have arranged for a lifesaving crew to shoot their lines out to the wreck, and give a demonstration of live-saving with the breeches-buoy and with life-boats.

Airmen also will have their chance, when a squadron of fliers will do some "stunt" and formation flying before they bomb the wreck. Nor are the old-time stunts forgotten for there will be an old-fashioned Michigan log-rolling, a novel procedure to the present-day tourist.

Other service clubs will try to put on programs as good or better, in this campaign for tourist trade.

Two Clubs Put on Program For Competitors

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.—The fine new clubhouse "Virginia" at Scripps Park, Rushville, was the scene of an interesting meeting when the Beardstown Rotarians entertained their competitors from Rushville. Each Rotarian had as his guest a member of his own classification, and special entertainment was furnished by Winchester Rotarians, and by members of Quincy Rotary, who staged a one-act skit.

Attendance Contest Rouses Keen Rivalry

DOWAGIAC, MICH.—The St. Joseph-Benton Harbor, Niles, and Dowagiac clubs recently staged an attendance contest which lasted some three months. The result was as follows:

St. Joseph - Benton

Harbor	88.056 per cent
Niles	90.889 per cent
Dowagiac	97.324 per cent

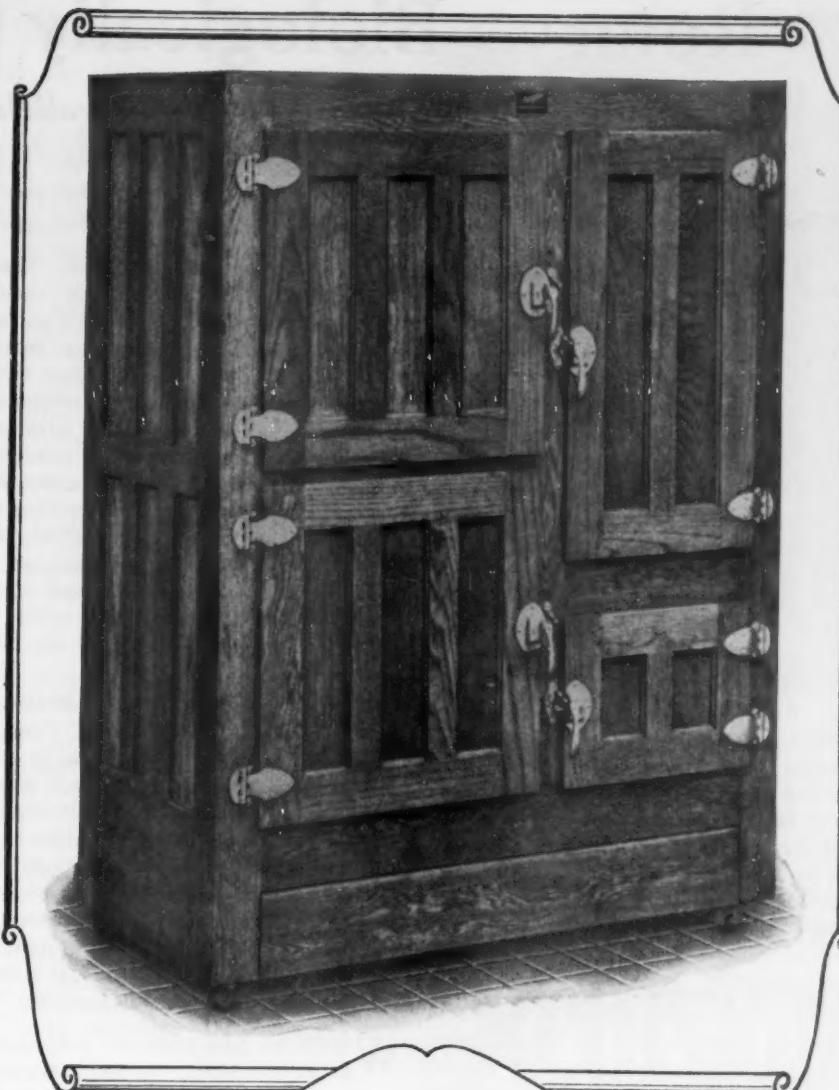
In accordance with the rules of the contest a banquet was tendered the Dowagiac club and at the Whitcomb Hotel in St. Joseph the losers proved royal entertainers. Dowagiac came over with colors flying and in proof of their record of four 100 per cent meetings during the contest, they appeared at the banquet 100 per cent strong and supported by their band of seventeen pieces. Grover Good, of Grand Rapids, district governor nominee, was the chief speaker, and showed promise as the leader of his district. The best result of the contest, however, is the increased interest in attendance which each club shows. Dowagiac seems bent on having a string of 100 per cent meetings.

Delicate Operation

Will Give Him His Chance

BUHL, IDAHO.—The local club has been active in several lines of community work. Through the efforts of the boys' work committee the Snake River Council of Boy Scouts has been organized with one of the best executives in

(Continued on page 42.)



Seeger

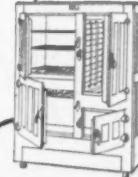
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Rotary—Biologically Speaking

Specialization in higher organisms parallels that specialization in business which means better service

SERVICE Above Self—Is this merely the dream of some idealistic visionary? Does it not contradict the fundamental idea of evolution stated in tabloid form as "the survival of the fittest"? Can it have any rational place in the struggle for existence? Or, like the forces of nature, where to obey is to command, is it a truth whose character seems to contradict itself, and is *service* a force whose irresistible compulsion shapes the universe?

Are we right in tacitly assuming that self-seeking dominates the organic world, that the most selfish, the most self-asserting are the fittest who survive, that the motto of the living world is "Each for himself"? Or is there behind the superficial selfishness a larger truth that loses the individual in the community, the unit in the unity, and hesitates not to accept the sacrifice of the one for the good of the all? Can it be that altruism and not self-interest is the larger and deeper truth of the universe and that our intuition is right when we give highest honors to noble self-sacrifice?

In the living organisms of the world we find that as the individual forms rise higher in the scale they become more complex—special parts are specially adapted for special functions. And with this specialization of functions, the service rendered by the specialized structure becomes more and more perfect. In the transparent jelly of the amoeba there is little specialization of function, or difference of structure. Digestion, circulation, respiration, locomotion are the common possession of every part. Mutilation or amputation trouble it not, for the individual is independent of its parts; it suffers no functional loss. But it pays a high price for this freedom, if freedom it could be called. All its senses are of the most rudimentary character—sight is merely a probable sensitivity to light, locomotion is but the flowing of a jelly—a workman without any tools, all its work is done imperfectly.

In the higher forms of life, structure becomes more complex, special parts are specially equipped to perform some special duty and no other. Eyes to see, ears to hear, feet to walk. Respiration, circulation, digestion are the duty of highly specialized, highly developed structures. No part can undertake the duty of another, but each part

By DAVID AVERY

does its own duty excellently well. The whole animal is dependent on each separate service, but just to the same extent the service given is of the best. Take away its eyes and it is blind, but in its eyes it has organs of marvelous mechanism, and in its sight a miracle that baffles our profoundest science. Specialization and efficiency, dependence and service, they are inseparably linked together. The most highly developed part is the most highly specialized, performs its duty with the greatest efficiency, and attains the highest realization of itself in the uttermost service to the whole.

There is thus within the individual itself structural development along definite lines, every modification is an adaptation of some part that will give better service to the whole individual. There is a progressive development from the individualism of the whole to a community of parts. In the lowest forms independence and self-sufficiency characterizes each part of the organism; in the highest forms mutual service and complete mutual dependence.

WHEN we pass from the individual to the community we find the same principle of service to the whole characterizes progress and development. The specialization of a part for service to the individual, is now represented by the specialization of the individual for service to the community.

Amongst bees or ants special individuals undertake special duties for which they are often structurally equipped in a special way. Workers, nurses, scavengers, soldiers, and slaves, each undertaking some special work and devoting itself in its special capacity to the good of the community.

In mankind this specialization for better service finds its highest development and is the foundation of civilization itself.

The cave man awaking hungry in the morning hunted, prepared, and ate his breakfast unaided. He was independent, self-sufficient, asking no service from his fellows; his standard of living was low and life to him was little more than mere existence.

The civilized man of today sits down in luxurious comfort at his breakfast table which has been prepared by thousands of his fellowmen. Miners, iron founders, metal workers provided the

cutlery, and clay-workers and glass-workers, flax-growers and factories helped to equip his table. Farmers, millers, and bakers, dairymen and fruit-growers provided food. Railways, steamships, and carriers with armies of miners and shipbuilders behind them provided transport. Coal-miners and cooks helped to prepare the meal, and so the unending chain links his fellowmen until the simple meal of civilized man represents the specialized service of countless human beings.

The same principle runs through the whole like a golden thread—service. The higher in the scale of civilization, the more specialized and the more perfect is the service of the individual, and the more dependent is each member of the community upon that service.

The cave-dweller was complete in himself—but he was also completed in himself. Asking no service and giving no service his world was limited to himself. Independence is always limited. The man that is completely independent of his fellowmen lives in a narrow world bounded by his immediate environment. The man that is given the service of his fellowmen lives in a world measured by the extent of that service, and the fullness and meaning of his life is measured by his service to them.

Throughout the universe from the smallest to the greatest, animate and inanimate are linked together in one great unity of mutual dependence and mutual service. The world is not a collection of isolated individuals; it is a vast community of interests woven together by service, making it one great unity—a universe.

"Service before self!" It is not the intrusion of a discordant ideal, it is no contradiction of the fundamental principle of evolution and progress. It is the expression of a truth that moulds the universe—a truth that is the highest realization of the purpose of life.

The greatest thing in the world is love. The greatest driving power in the world is love, and service is simply love in action.

"Service before self." The greatest comfort and satisfaction, the greatest joy, comes to him who seeks them for another. No merely trite paradox but truth that glimpses into the heart of things. "He that loseth his life shall find it"; no contradiction in terms, but far-seeing wisdom—"the greatest among you is the servant of all."

Inhibition and Stimulation

(Continued from page 22.)

he likes you, you know it. If he does not like you, he makes no effort to make you think that he does.

I am deeply concerned in the present-day boy. I submit to you that many of them are getting a poor start in 'the great race of life. The parents are leaving too much to be accomplished by faith. Our boys and our girls are listening to jazz music, seeing jazz pictures, reading jazz books,—they are living on jazz and they may be expected to jazz through those years of their life which should be full of production, unless we can get them interested in better things now. Half of the parents of today know nothing about their offspring,—neither what they are nor what they are doing. Have parents forgotten the days of their own youth? Are they ignorant? Or are they too much occupied with their own interests? If I were a parent I would know, as nearly as humanly possible, just what my son or my daughter were doing during every one of the twenty-four hours of the day, and this might be most easily done by providing the place and the means for their activities.

I wish that I might cause you to feel how much of life you are losing if you ignore the golden opportunities for association with boys. Just as surely as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West, just so surely do the boys of

today need you,—but none the less surely do you need the boys. We search far and wide for a fountain of youth, little realizing that where youth is there also may the fountain be found.

In closing let me quote:

There isn't a lad but wants to grow
Manly and true at heart.
And every lad would like to know
The secret we impart.
He doesn't desire to slack or shirk—
Oh, haven't you heard him plead?
He'll follow a man at play or work,
If only the man will lead.

Where are the men to lead today,
Sparing an hour or two,
Teaching the lad the game to play
Just as a man should do?
Village and slum are calling—come,
Here are the boys, indeed,
Who can tell what they might become
If only the men will lead?

Motor and golf and winter sport
Fill up the time a lot.
But wouldn't you like to feel you'd taught
Even a boy a knot?
Country and home depend on you,
Character most we need;
How can a lad know what to do
If there isn't a man to lead?

Where are the men to lend a hand?
Echo it far and wide,
Men who will rise in every land,
Bridging the "Great Divide."
Nation and flag and tongue unite
Joining each class and creed,
Here are the boys who *would* do right
But where are the MEN to lead?



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Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 27.)

beauties of an unselfish life are being unfolded before him. Filled with inspiration, and eager to carry on, he goes straight to his Chamber of Commerce, there to inspire others with this fellowship, these high ideals, this "Service Above Self." These are some of the things that Rotary does for the Chamber of Commerce. These are some of the things that make a good chamber.

The chamber achieves by mass action. Rotary achieves by individual action of its trained representatives to the chamber. As it relates to the Chamber of Commerce the Rotary club is a preparatory school wherein the individual is continually trained in the responsibilities he must assume as a member of the former organization. The same tutelage which made it possible for him to be instrumental in the establishment of the chamber is still a requisite for the highest service as a working individual in the organization.

But this is only one phase of Rotary. It is not necessary that we detail the many activities of Rotary that are not

touched upon by the Chamber of Commerce. This is a matter of experience.

The Chamber of Commerce is primarily interested in building up its city and this it accomplishes by direct mass action. The Rotary club has for one of its objectives a similar purpose, but it seeks to attain its end by suggestion and by building up its citizenship through the efforts of its individual representatives.

The assertion that the small clubs are mere bodies of pleasure-seekers and self-praisers is interesting. It is true that the members of a Rotary club do enjoy their luncheon meetings. This enjoyment, it may be observed, has for its basis the evolution of a philosophy whereby the individual comes to realize that it is through unselfish service that he may be met with the greatest profit and happiness of which life is capable. As to the other assertion it must be admitted that Rotary believes in "flowers for the living." It believes in the human touch in the business world. It believes that appreciation is the (Continued on page 38)



WIGAN, England. Club No. 1675. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5; president, Arthur Smith; honorable secretary, J. C. A. Hargreaves; assistant honorable secretary, Sydne Allen.

Lansdale, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1676. Special Representative: Joseph A. Rank of Bridgeport; president, Chester W. Knipe; secretary, C. Ray Swatley.

Plymouth, Michigan. Club No. 1677. Special Representative: Ed. R. Lee of Wayne; president, George A. Smith; secretary, William Wood.

Grants Pass, Oregon. Club No. 1678. Special Representative: R. A. Booth of Eugene; president, F. Gordon Hart; secretary, James W. Dunlop.

Cleveland, Tennessee. Club No. 1679. Special Representative: Lamar Billups of Chattanooga; president, W. P. Lang; secretary, E. H. Graves.

Hartford, Wisconsin. Club No. 1680. Special Representative: Arthur W. Lueck of Beaver Dam; president, Elmo W. Sawyer; secretary, Otto Wollner.

Bisbee, Arizona. Club No. 1681. Special Representative: R. Ed. Souers of Douglas; president, A. G. McGregor; secretary, Folsom Moore.

Glassboro, New Jersey. Club No. 1682. Special Representative: Stacey Robbins of Pitman; president, Volney B. Kandle; secretary, Meredith L. Abbott.

Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1683. Special Representative: John G. Gaut of Greensburg; president, Eugene Warden; secretary, J. Wylie Overly.

Westwood, New Jersey. Club No. 1684. Special Representative: Will Waller of Rutherford; president, George M. Levitas; secretary, Warren H. Stagg.

Letchworth, England. Club No. 1685. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 9; president, H. Hurst; honorable secretary, Richard Haworth.

Upper Norwood, England. Club No. 1686. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 12; president, H. T. Wilshaw; honorable secretary, W. G. Cullen.

Zeigler, Illinois. Club No. 1687. Special Representative: W. H. Baker of Harrisburg; president, L. L. Jones; secretary, Walter W. Lauterbach.

Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada. Club No. 1688. Special Representative: A. H. Knutson of Port Arthur; president, A. H. Knutson; secretary, F. N. Youngman.

Newquay, England. Club No. 1689. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 10; president, Alfred Bond; honorable secretary, H. Westlake.

Nice, France. Club No. 1690. Organized under the auspices of Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele; president, Rene Delamare; secretary, Paul Bailet.

Weymouth, Massachusetts. Club No. 1691. Special Representative: Arthur L. McGilvray of Quincy; president, Charles G. Jordan; secretary, Edward I. Loud.

McGregor, Texas. Club No. 1692. Special Representative: Leslie Procter of Temple; president, Fred G. Rand; secretary, T. C. Vahrenkamp.

Tomah, Wisconsin. Club No. 1693. Special Representative: John N. Cadby of Madison; president, L. M. Compton; secretary, Captain Howe Dinsmore.

Royal Oak, Michigan. Club No. 1694. Special Representative: Arthur W. Webber of Dearborn; president, Sidney D. Thomas; secretary, Harold E. Storz.

Starkville, Mississippi. Club No. 1695. Special Representative: John Frierson of Columbus; president, David C. Hull; secretary, Graham T. Golson.

THE last list of new Rotary clubs was published in the May Number. Since that time other Rotary clubs have been organized in the United States, in England, in Canada, in New Zealand, in France, in Chile, in Italy, and in Switzerland. The Rotary club of Zurich is the first club to be organized in Switzerland; and that of Valparaiso the first to be organized in Chile. There are now five Rotary clubs in France, seventy-seven in Canada, seven in New Zealand, two in Italy, seven in Mexico, and one hundred and sixty-seven in Great Britain. The names of the presidents, secretaries, and organizers of these new clubs, together with other data in connection with the organization are given in each instance. Indications are that a new record for Rotary expansion has been established during the past fiscal year. Twenty-eight countries are now represented in Rotary.

Camrose, Alberta, Canada. Club No. 1696. Special Representative: James W. Mould of Edmonton; president, R. J. Sanders; secretary, James K. Atkinson.

Birmingham, Michigan. Club No. 1697. Special Representative: Clyde C. Maben of Wayne; president, George R. Averill; secretary, Charles B. Randall.

South Amboy, New Jersey. Club No. 1698. Special Representative: Oliver Hatfield of Perth Amboy; president, Elmer H. Eulner; secretary, Harold G. Hoffman.

Jersey, Channel Islands, England. Club No. 1699. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 11; president, J. E. Pinel; honorable secretary, Arthur E. Wilkes.

Worcester, England. Club No. 1700. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 6; president, Arthur Carlton; honorable secretary, J. Ross Mackenzie.

Kenmore, New York. Club No. 1701. Special Representative: George C. Diehl of Buffalo; president, Frank C. Moore; secretary, Benjamin A. Keeney.

Sayre, Oklahoma. Club No. 1702. Special Representative: R. H. Myers of Clinton; president, E. Hubert Gipson; secretary, W. Lando Ivester.

Princeton, West Virginia. Club No. 1703. Special Representative: Henry K. Tice of Welch; president, W. S. Dangerfield; secretary, E. W. Anderson.

Oroville, California. Club No. 1704. Special Representative: Halsey H. Dunning of Marysville; president, Wm. E. Duncan, Jr.; secretary, Fred N. Paxton.

Elkton, Maryland. Club No. 1705. Special Representative: Leo Moore of Havre de Grace; president, Irvin T. Kepler; secretary, Wm. C. Feely.

Oberlin, Kansas. Club No. 1706. Special Representative: Chauncey S. Kenney of Norton; president, Caleb W. Smick; secretary, Lee Mead.

Colby, Kansas. Club No. 1707. Special Representative: Roland D. Wesley of Norton; president, Ray H. Garvey; secretary, Ray H. Crumly.

Monticello, Illinois. Club No. 1708. Special Representative: Irving L. Peterson of Champaign; president, Frank Hetishee; secretary, Carl S. Reed.

Allegan, Michigan. Club No. 1709. Special Representative: Allen C. Frink of Kalamazoo; president, J. Howard Van Ness; secretary, Charles T. Perkins.

Russell, Kansas. Club No. 1710. Special Representative: Louis Gottschick of Salina; president, H. H. Wentworth; secretary, Louis W. Banker.

Cherokee, Oklahoma. Club No. 1711. Special Representative: Charles P. Cansler of Enid; president, S. C. Timmons; secretary, Frank J. Azbill.

Hampton, Iowa. Club No. 1712. Special Representative: Dean W. Peisen of Eldora; president, J. C. Powers; secretary, Gareld Leming.

Arlington, Massachusetts. Club No. 1713. Special Representative: David C. Dow of Cambridge; president, Leslie E. A. Smith; secretary, Frank Y. Wellington.

Coatesville, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1714. Special Representative: Edwin Bartlett of Philadelphia; president, Harris P. Stephenson; secretary, Wm. G. Gordon.

Quakertown, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1715. Special Representative: Wm. H. Scott of Bethlehem; president, Leroy A. Hilegrass; secretary, Charles H. Ott.

Woburn, Massachusetts. Club No. 1716. Special Representative: Albert K. Comins of Wakefield; president, Arthur H. Lincoln; secretary, Edward Johnson.

Cobleskill, New York. Club No. 1717. Special Representative: Arthur R. Pruet.

Granville, New York. Club No. 1719. Special Representative: Charles V. Peters of Glens Falls; president, William J. Norton; secretary, Irving Wynkoop.

Kewaunee, Wisconsin. Club No. 1720. Special Representative: H. M. Fetzer of Sturgeon Bay; president, Chas. G. Campbell; secretary, Leo W. Breummer.

Urbania, Illinois. Club No. 1721. Special Representative: O. F. Clark of Champaign; president, Charles M. Thompson; secretary, G. H. Radebaugh.

Franklin, Virginia. Club No. 1722. Special Representative: James E. McLemore of Suffolk; president, Paul Scarborough; secretary, J. Edgar Wede.

Mechanicville, New York. Club No. 1723. Special Representative: Cornelius O. Smith of Troy; president, Evan E. Jones; secretary, Enos A. Murphy.

Murray, Kentucky. Club No. 1724. Special Representative: Schultz Riggs of Paducah; president, Orlando T. Hale; secretary, Oliver L. Boren.

Bristol, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1725. Special Representative: E. Stanley Bowers of Philadelphia; president, James H. Brooks; secretary, N. B. Bertolette.

Crandon, Wisconsin. Club No. 1726. Special Representative: L. A. Leadbetter of Rhinelander; president, H. P. Keith; secretary, W. S. Rowlinson.

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1727. Special Representative: Harry Mong of Chambersburg; president, Paul B. Nofsker; secretary, Sidney M. Boher.

Mullens, West Virginia. Club No. 1728. Special Representative: Malcolm B. Smith of Beckley; president, Clarence Haven Koontz; secretary, Benjamin L. Depew.

Oceanside, California. Club No. 1729. Special Representative: Albert Scott of San Diego; president, C. T. McKeehan; secretary, Ed. A. Walsh.

Adel, Iowa. Club No. 1730. Special Representative: Morton Lyon of Perry; president, E. R. Orr; secretary, Russell H. Luther.

Bessemer, Michigan. Club No. 1731. Special Representative: John D. Patrick of Ironwood; president, Walter F. Truettner; secretary, Charles R. Cobb.

Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee. Club No. 1732. Special Representative: Walter D. Hastings of Columbia; president, Hinton G. Kittrell; secretary, S. Edmund Stephens.

Tonopah, Nevada. Club No. 1733. Special Representative: Cecil W. Creel of Reno; president, George A. Southworth; secretary, Thomas Lindsay.

Invercargill, New Zealand. Club No. 1734. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner George Fowlis; president, William Macalister; secretary, Denniston Cuthbertson.

Wynnewood, Oklahoma. Club No. 1735. Special Representative: Herbert Taylor of Pauls

Valley; president, Ernest L. Keys; secretary, Hilary S. Shackelford.

Trieste, Italy. Club No. 1736. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred W. Teele; president, Victor A. Amodeo; secretary, Grant A. Greenham.

Wanganui, New Zealand. Club No. 1737. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner George Fowlds; president, Louis Cohen; honorable secretary, Edwin M. Silk.

Ellisville, Mississippi. Club No. 1738. Special Representative: John L. Johnson of Hattiesburg; president, J. M. Arnold; secretary, D. Justin Robinson.

Burlington, Wisconsin. Club No. 1739. Special Representative: J. B. Crouch of Waukesha; president, Fred L. Witter; secretary, Theodore Waller.

Vicksburg, Michigan. Club No. 1740. Special Representative: Willard E. Rupe of Sturgis; president, John A. Daugherty; secretary, Charles G. Porter.

Masontown, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1741. Special Representative: H. B. Messmore of Brownsville; president, John L. Messmore; secretary, Paul D. Howard.

Pass Christian, Mississippi. Club No. 1742. Special Representative: Richard G. Cox of Gulfport; president, A. R. Robertson; secretary, T. J. Grayson.

Monroe, Michigan. Club No. 1743. Special Representative: George Lewis of Ann Arbor; president, Archie W. Stitt; secretary, Francis E. Meade.

Alhambra, California. Club No. 1744. Special Representative: William E. Burke of Los Angeles; president, Wm. J. Clark; secretary, Thomas L. Kerr.

White River Junction, Vermont. Club No. 1745. Special Representative: Ralph Kiniry of Claremont, New Hampshire; president, James F. Dewey; secretary, Alban J. Parker.

Howell, Michigan. Club No. 1746. Special Representative: Theron S. Langford of Ann Arbor; president, Wm. H. Cansfield; secretary, John S. Page.

Carrollton, Ohio. Club No. 1747. Special Representative: John G. Belknap of Steubenville; president, James I. Lore; secretary, Floyd I. Lower.

Wiggins, Mississippi. Club No. 1748. Special Representative: John L. Johnson of Hattiesburg; president, Sterling S. Mincey; secretary, Erwin Montgomery Graham.

Lumberton, Mississippi. Club No. 1749. Special Representative: Tom C. Hannah of Hattiesburg; president, Robert W. Hinton, Jr.; secretary, H. C. Yawn.

Stoughton, Wisconsin. Club No. 1750. Special Representative: J. W. Jackson of Madison; president, Matthew L. Gregerson; secretary, Ray W. Patterson.

Morrison, Illinois. Club No. 1751. Special Representative: Charles J. Stahl of Sterling; president, Samuel M. McCalmont; secretary, Glenn L. D. Smith.

Saratoga Springs, New York. Club No. 1752. Special Representative: John Knickerbacker of Troy; president, Benj. K. Walbridge; secretary, Edgar D. Starbuck.

Clairston, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1753. Special Representative: Alex Rankin of McKeesport; president, J. B. Marston; secretary, E. F. Obley.

Cartersville, Georgia. Club No. 1754. Special Representative: Ralph Northcutt of Marietta; president, Henry B. Robertson; secretary, Milton L. Fleetwood.

Centralia, Missouri. Club No. 1755. Special Representative: Fred A. Morris of Mexico; president, A. B. Chance; secretary, Warren N. Shelledy.

Winnetka, Illinois. Club No. 1756. Special Representatives: Tom M. Brude of Chicago, Floyd Bateman of Chicago; president, Frederick E. Clark; secretary, Harold D. Hill.

Eunice, Louisiana. Club No. 1757. Special Representative: L. A. Andrepon of Opelousas; president, Geo. T. Guillet; sec'y, R. Keys Norris.

Philipsburg, Montana. Club No. 1758. Special Representative: Albert Nadeau of Annconda; president, Ralph S. Blitz; secretary, Dewey M. Price.

Dover, New Hampshire. Club No. 1759. Special Representative: Frank D. Butler of Portsmouth; president, David C. McIntosh; secretary, Charles W. Hills.

Kentville, N. S., Canada. Club No. 1760. Special Representative: G. Prescott Baker of Yarmouth; president, Herbert Oyler; secretary, D. G. Ross.

Bedford, Virginia. Club No. 1761. Special Representative: W. W. Dickerson of Lynchburg; president, J. A. Clark; secretary, J. L. Borden.

Gallatin, Missouri. Club No. 1762. Special Representative: Elmore Lail of Chillicothe; president, Marshall A. Smith; secretary, Guy G. Murray.

Stettler, Alberta, Canada. Club No. 1763. Special Representative: James W. Davidson of Calgary; president, Clifford J. Wilkinson; secretary, Clifford I. Miller.

Columbus, Wisconsin. Club No. 1764. Special Representative: W. F. Reichardt of Watertown; president, W. L. Fritz; secretary, LeRoy C. Partch.

Piedmont, West Virginia. Club No. 1765. Special Representative: George Stern of Frostburg, Md.; president, Robert E. Kimmel; secretary C. Amer Suter, Jr.

Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1766.

Special Representative: Clarence Toole of Nesquehoning; president, J. Edward Waaser; secretary, Clarence S. Weiler.

Hamburg, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1767. Special Representative: Frank Runyon of Readens; president, Wm. H. Mann; secretary, Wendell L. Huntzinger.

Red Bluff, California. Club No. 1768. Special Representative: Jas. F. Van Loben Sels of Chico; president, George B. Champlin; secretary, Carl J. Wheatley.

Marine City, Michigan. Club No. 1769. Special Representative: Ralph Hotten of Mt. Clemens; president, Wm. H. Mann; secretary, Arthur J. Scott.

Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Club No. 1770. Special Representative: Gilbert M. Brewer of Pittsfield; president, Robert O. Harper; secretary, Harold Ranshausen.

Valparaiso, Chile. Club No. 1771. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner

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Herbert P. Coates; president, Jose Fabres Pinto; secretary, Agustin E. Turner.

Cape Charles, Virginia. Club No. 1772. Special Representative: John Weymouth of Hampton; president, Guy L. Webster; secretary, David W. Peters.

Torreón, Coah., Mexico. Club No. 1773. Organized under the auspices of Governor Nelson O. Rhoades; president, Eduardo Orvananos; secretary, Jonquín Moreno.

Downey, California. Club No. 1774. Special Representative: William J. Currer of Los Angeles; president, Ernest S. Hass; secretary, George H. Clark.

Manistee, Michigan. Club No. 1775. Special Representative: Glen W. Power of Traverse City; president, John H. Rademaker; secretary, Edward V. Vollmer.

Fillmore, California. Club No. 1776. Special Representative: S. B. Taylor of Santa Paula; president, Fergus L. Fairbanks; secretary, George U. Gammon.

Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1777. Special Representative: Chester W. Knipe of Lansdale; president, Webster S. Achey; secretary, Charles F. Freeman.

Marengo, Iowa. Club No. 1778. Special Representative: James Park of Belle Plaine; president, Frank Sperry Cook; secretary, Robert Raymond Hibbs.

Nelsonville, Ohio. Club No. 1779. Special Representative: H. M. Whitcraft of Logan; president, George R. Robinson; secretary, Orley A. Rider.

Redding, California. Club No. 1780. Special Representative: Frederick J. Rose of Chico; president, Jesse W. Carter; secretary, Leslie Engram.

Drumheller, Alberta, Canada. Club No. 1781. Special Representative: Jas. W. Davidson of Calgary; president, Robert J. Johnston; secretary, John W. Cummer.

Auburn, California. Club No. 1782. Special Representative: Milton Ferguson of Sacramento; president, Wm. Grant Lee; secretary, James D. Stewart.

Bishop Auckland, England. Club No. 1783. Organized under the auspices of District Coun-

cil No. 3; president, Matthew H. Kellett; honorary secretary, Joseph E. Dunn.

Zurich, Switzerland. Club No. 1784. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred W. Teele; president, Hugo E. Prager; secretary, Karl Sender.

Galax, Virginia. Club No. 1785. Special Representative: DeWitt B. Mullens of Pulaski; president, Charles L. Baumgardner; secretary, Michael R. Crabil.

Yale, Oklahoma. Club No. 1786. Special Representative: Julius Hansen of Cushing; president, C. R. Virtue; secretary, James A. Vandervoort.

Palmer, Massachusetts. Club No. 1787. Special Representative: Herbert Shaw of Springfield; president, Theodore A. Norman; secretary, Nelson L. Jarvis.

Bad Axe, Michigan. Club No. 1788. Special Representative: John M. Barringer of Flint; president, Charles B. Morden; secretary, James L. Burgess.

Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 35.)

oil that smooths the road to supreme effort.

Primarily Rotary makes better men. Most men have in their hearts the desire to be big-hearted, broad-minded men. Some of us do not know how. Rotary teaches us. It does this in New York and Chicago. No less effectually does it attain a similar end in the small club of Fulton, Missouri. If there is any organization in the world which has set for itself a greater achievement, which can render a higher and more enduring service to mankind, than to make better men we have never heard of it.

Through no other agency than the contagious inspiration to live the ideals of Rotary that emanates from the individual Rotarian, and emanates because of the fact that he is a Rotarian, we are firmly convinced that any Rotary club, as a club, could absolutely eliminate all applied Rotary as an organization of the whole, and yet be an outstanding success, a thousand times justifying its right to live in the community. It is no discredit to the Chamber of Commerce that it could not do as much. It merely emphasizes the fact that the objectives of the two organizations are not as one, and that the goals are reached in unlike manner.

It has been said that Rotary is an attitude of mind; that it is a philosophy of life; that it is life disrobed of selfishness; that it is the practical application of the Golden Rule; that it is an intangible satisfying something that draws us into the highway of right living. It is each of these things; it is all of these combined; it is greater than the total of its definitions; it is Rotary. It is not a Chamber of Commerce.

There are ever those who, by definition, would confine within narrow bounds a thing as broad as life itself, and thus withdraw its very life-blood. There are even those who would cast it aside in its entirety. But the won-

derful tribute to the solidarity, the saneness and worthiness of Rotary is that, unscathed, it goes quietly marching on and on, a mighty force ever growing in volume, ever massing power for good.

Long Live the Chamber of Commerce! Long Live Rotary!

BURLIE MCCUBBIN,
Secretary, *Rotary Club of Fulton, Mo.*

There Is No Overlapping

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

I have just read the letter of William J. Walker, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in THE ROTARIAN for April, and, while I do not like to disagree with a member of the profession, I feel that it is only fair that more than one side of the situation regarding the relationship of service clubs and chambers of commerce be stated. While my affiliation with the Rotary club has been less than two years, my contact as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce with various service clubs has covered a period of nearly eight years.

The task is not completed. True, the war is over, but the need of community organizations is just as great at the present time as it was during the war; and the service club is a very important factor in this organization. The Chamber of Commerce is all that Mr. Walker says it is, and more; but the service club is where worth-while ideas are formulated which are later worked out through the leadership of these same service club men in the Chamber of Commerce. Both the luncheon clubs and the Chamber of Commerce build leaders, but the chamber cannot create the same social atmosphere that is created by the service club, because its meetings are primarily for business purposes and there cannot be the same feeling of joviality as at the service club.

There is no overlapping. There is no conflict between the service club and the Chamber of Commerce. The service clubs train their members to be better citizens and better Chamber of Commerce members. As a matter of fact, the service clubs have been responsible for the organization of chambers of commerce in many cities and towns throughout the country.

Now let us define the Chamber of Commerce and the service club. First, a Chamber of Commerce is an association of all the business men of the community and others who are interested in their community for the purpose of furthering civic, commercial, and industrial interests. It is organized in such a way, with its paid staff, governing board, and committees, that it can investigate carefully proposals for the betterment of civic or business life, gathering all the pertinent facts, co-ordinating conflicting viewpoints and opinions, and arriving at a course of action to be pursued. It is representative of all interests in the community, and through long years has devised and perfected sound methods of procedure.

The service club on the other hand is composed of a limited group of business men and is essentially a forum for discussion and for the interchange of information. The club lacks the business organization of a Chamber of Commerce and is not equipped, therefore, to act in the chamber's place. The ideas gathered in the service clubs should become deeds through the Chamber of Commerce. The clubs should present to the chamber matters that they feel should be undertaken and the board of directors of the chamber consider these proposals just as they would consider them if coming from any of the committees of the chamber.

Every service club recommends to its members that they become affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce. Rotary International says, "Support the Cham-

ber of Commerce. This means more than joining and paying dues and perhaps working occasionally. It means 'spending' yourself in aiding the Chamber of Commerce to make your city a little better than you found it." In that sentence, Rotary has sounded the keynote of the relationship between chambers of commerce and service clubs. The ideas gathered in Rotary and elsewhere should become deeds through the chamber. Kiwanis International says, "We thoroughly believe and heartily recommend that all Kiwanians affiliate with and give hearty support to their local Chamber of Commerce." International Association of Civitan Clubs says, "Be a member of your Chamber of Commerce and co-operate with it at any and all times in any and every way possible." Lions International, "Every Lion should affiliate with the Chamber of Commerce." International Optimists Club, "The civic club is not intended to, should not, and does not attempt to fill the place of the Chamber of Commerce under any circumstances. It is more personal and social in its relationship, whereas the central organization (Chamber of Commerce) is designed and intended to meet the general needs of the whole community, which the civic clubs cannot undertake to do." Exchange Club International, "Make the Exchange Club a strong right arm of the Chamber of Commerce and there is no limit to the things that may be accomplished for the general good." And the other service clubs, I believe, have expressed themselves in a no less forceful way as to their relations with the Chamber of Commerce.

Now as to the cost of affiliation with the service club. In no town does it cost a man more than fifteen cents a day to be a member of his Chamber of Commerce and a luncheon club. Any man who is eligible for membership in the service club and the Chamber of Commerce can afford the price of one cigar a day for a membership in these two bodies.

Is there a question that too much organization and too many organizations are harmful? It may be a debatable question, but a man belongs to the number of organizations that he needs, the Chamber of Commerce, a service club, a golf club, perhaps, and church. Does he need to take all of his time away from business in order to be associated with these organizations? On the contrary, does not his affiliation with these organizations make him a better business man, and, incidentally, make business better for him?

The contention that service clubs in the small town are now a fifth wheel is

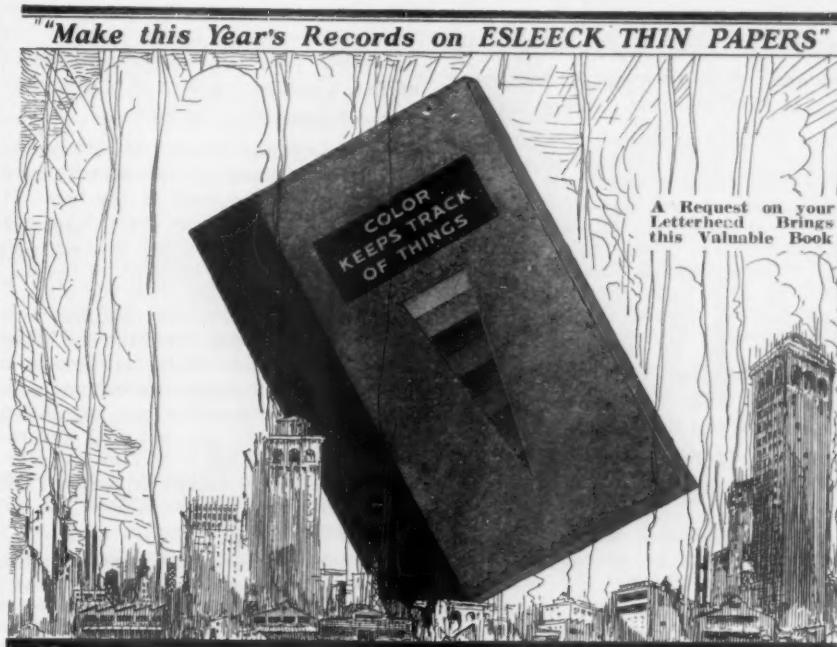
rather far-fetched. Rather than a fifth wheel, the luncheon club is one of the most important parts of the mechanism of the community. It is a generator of power for good in the community, and of inestimable aid to the Chamber of Commerce, in that it develops leaders and teaches men the proper relationship between each other in business.

I have yet to see a service club composed of "small distrustful groups." I have seen the co-operation between service clubs and the Chamber of Commerce increase with the formation of

more service clubs, and the realization of the members therein of the necessity of their affiliation with the Chamber of Commerce in order to further the welfare of their community.

My Fellow-Secretary Walker has a right to his opinion as I have a right to mine, and perhaps he may be able to convince me that I am wrong, but I stand behind what I have said and thoroughly believe it.

HARRY L. NADO,
Secretary, Chamber of Commerce and Member,
Rotary Club, Greenwich, Conn.



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Boys' Week: A New Chapter in Civics

(Continued from page 16.)

bility of the city's welfare was upon them. The boy council recommended to the former council that certain improvements should be made as soon as possible, as paving the streets to the high school, provide for a new park for the children of our city, to have free textbooks, charge no tuition fee in all the schools of our city. The boys as a whole feel that they are the ones to straighten out our city and to get it started right. It has been a great help to me because I have realized as never before how much it means to have all the boys of our town ready to back you up, what they expect of a leader, and the qualities that he must have to hold their favor.

Lawrence Daves, Boy Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, of Evansville, Ind., says in addition to other things:

All the boys connected with the project thought it the best possible method of acquainting the boys with the work and duties of the men whose places they tried to fill. All those who participated were very much interested, and I think that the more boys there are who take part, the more interest there will be, and the greater the benefits will be.

IN Altoona, Pa., "Mayor" Ritchey and his boy council made some excellent suggestions and these can be best shown by giving an excerpt of the minutes of this particular council meeting:

"Mayor" Ritchey laid before the council the question of more and better playgrounds for the city, speaking briefly on the subject.

"We boys feel the need of more and better facilities for recreation," said he. "It is noticeable that there are many vacant lots and these with the consent of the owners may be secured and made available for the children, which will be far better than to permit them to roam heedlessly over the streets in constant danger of being run over by automobiles.

"In the winter, water could be turned on them, making them available for skating. Altoona is a growing city and should have more and better playgrounds. Attention should likewise be given to the question of taking better care of shade trees."

"Councilman" Smith advocated making provision for public golf and tennis grounds, asserting that the grown-ups as well as the children need facilities for recreation. There should be more ball grounds where the younger boys might play ball.

"Councilman" Varner also spoke on behalf of better playground facilities as a means of lessening accidents on the streets.

At this point "Mayor" Ritchey asked "Solicitor" Trostle for an opinion as to the means of getting possession of the vacant lots. He replied by saying that the council could get the ground by right of eminent domain through condemnation proceedings.

"Councilman" Thomas advocated buying ground in the suburbs where it is not so costly, and Mr. Varner referred

to a couple of lots in his neighborhood that can be readily obtained, the lots being the property of a church, which has no use for them.

"Councilman" Richardson advocated the annexation of Eldorado, Roselawn and Llyswen to the city. He contended that the taxes they would bring to the city treasury would be ample to take care of the utilities with which they would have to be supplied. The elimination of bill boards was also advocated.

In concluding the session "Mayor" Ritchey said that the keynote of their session was the desire for a better and a healthier city.

Jackson Emery Nichols, boy mayor of San Francisco, writes of his impressions of Boys Week as follows:

In my opinion "Boys' Week" is the greatest nation-wide movement ever conceived for the good of the boy. It brings not only those boys who are chosen as the city officials, but also the thousands of school children in the different cities, in touch with the biggest men in their respective localities and shows the boys that they are not being forgotten. Besides this, it stirs up a closer palship between father and son, and interests the entire boy population in the affairs of the national government, but above all, it creates an interest of the entire nation in the boy, the future citizen of America, and "the nation's greatest asset."

In 1920 I believe that some six cities in the United States held "Boys Week," however, four years later, in 1924, some six hundred cities, not only in the United States, but in Europe, were enthusiastically celebrating this great week. What has caused this growth? It has been the whole-hearted self-sacrifice and tremendous interest and backing shown by thousands of men's clubs all over the United States, led, I am glad to say, by the "Rotary International." In other words, the business men of today have made this celebration of the business men of tomorrow a success, and I look to see this great movement become an international affair celebrated by every city in the United States and by every country in the world within ten years. If my prophecy comes true, it will mean more than words can express for the good of the boy and for the betterment of the world.

In behalf of the children of San Francisco, I want to thank you for the interest you have shown in "Boys' Week" in this city, and through you I want to congratulate the "Rotary International" in the way it has gotten behind "Boys' Week" and made it a success, and in the selection of its slogan—"Service Above Self. He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

IN many places boys were responsible for newspaper articles and in a few places wrote editorials. One of the boy editors of the *Westporter-Herald* (Westport, Conn.) wrote on "How Much

Is a Boy Worth?" Part of this very excellent editorial follows:

Would you like to be held responsible for answering that question? How many long hours would you ponder the question before you answered it? If the boy were some other man's son you might attempt to set a money value on him; but if he is your son your answer would be, "He is worth more than all the property in Westport—or the world, to me." And your answer would be from your heart, yet many boys receive far less of Dad's thought and attention than his property does.

Do you often wonder what your boy will be like when he grows up—what the next generation will be like? The answer to that is simple indeed; the next generation will be what this generation trains it to be. These boys of ours will hold the destiny of tomorrow in their hands. They will determine the quality of future citizenship, business, political and moral life. We must develop the integrity, industry, faith and service in the lives of our boys if we would safeguard the future.

Boys have power "to let." They abound in physical vitality and having many unspent years, they constitute incomparably our most valuable asset. However, they are very susceptible to impressions. Therefore, let us give them only good impressions, remembering that any idea or ideals which we wish to see dominate our nation must first lay hold of thoughtful boys.

In all their letters, newspaper articles, and editorials it is apparent that the boys themselves have realized the importance of getting an insight into the future and are willing to assume the responsibility if given the opportunity. Boys' Week has presented the opportunity for a few days. The boys now have had a glimpse of the work, the obligations, and the duties of public officials, but they are asking for a further chance to study and develop.

It has been truly said that the vagabondage of the world begins in neglected boyhood. There need be no vagabondage—no waste of assets—no dissipating of vigor and energy if the lessons which have been brought to us during Boys' Week have been well grounded, if the seeds of interest have fallen on fertile ground. We should continue the aim of the week, "to interest everyone in boys," stimulating public opinion as to the time value of affording every boy the opportunity to attain his full mental, physical, and moral development. "We must see that every boy gets a square deal."

Stop, Look and Listen. Review the ideals of today and "remember that any ideal which we wish to dominate our nation must first lay hold of thoughtful boys." The future is in their hands. It will be what this generation inspires it to be.

What Is the Real Mission of Rotary?

(Continued from page 12.)

is, after all, a small matter and all the members of every club could be a happy group of turtle doves without mitigating to any appreciable extent, the harshness and bitterness of life in the teeming world of men. (I agree that the oasis in the desert and the lighthouse on the rocky coast are invaluable.) Even this relatively small but thoroughly good idea (of good fellowship) breaks down in its wider aspect if each Rotarian does not carry it to his own business six days a week, and to his clients, customers, suppliers, and competitors in his own line. *That* brings me back to my lunacy for it has brought me back to the Rotarian's own business. All really fundamental conceptions relative to Rotary *must* bring you there; in fact *that* should be the acid test of any Rotary conception.

NOW if Rotary is to be judged by the conduct of the individual Rotarian in his business and social relationships it seems to me that great difficulties will be encountered. (This is where I am most open to attack; where my armor is weakest. I give my critics a present of the information.) What is Rotary to say about a Rotarian going bankrupt? about a Rotarian who obviously and patently fails to take Rotary to his business, and who has not the least desire to do so? What is Rotary to say to the Rotarian who is known to be close-fisted in the matter of wages?—to the one who is "too smart for honor" in business deals?—to a third who is harsh, dictatorial, and inconsiderate to all over whom he has authority?—to the sweater,—to the skinflint,—to the hob-nailed soul of the human steamroller whose Bible is "Get on" and whose Heaven is "Got"?

One may say that our method of selection prevents such men entering Rotary, and I answer first "not invariably" and second, "Men have been known to deteriorate, and good men sometimes become bad ones."

If, therefore, Rotary in the future, is to be judged by Rotarians; if the real triangle is Rotary, the Rotarian, and the business, it does seem that some form of oversight is called for. *And that's where this generation of Rotarians will puncture my balloon.*

Oversight! Inquisition! Board of Inquiry, judge, jury, sentence of expulsion, return of badge and charter, and all the horrid implements of abhorred torture; Can't I hear Rotarians saying, "Nix on this probating-needle idea; none of your nosey inquisitiveness with me. Hands off my private life and off my business life. I'll only ring with your tuning-fork if it suits me. A good cheerful luncheon once a week is all right; boys work is a capital idea; a convention is simply splendid. But if you begin to look over my shoulder when I'm doing my business or dealing with my employees, you'll go home in an ambulance."

I know that in a general way the answer to all this is anticipated in our rules, resolutions, and printed matter, but hitherto Rotary has not had such a close and vital relationship to the business of the Rotarian as is contemplated in my program and consequently it has not been necessary to discuss seriously the difficulties I now specify. That they are real lions in the path I most readily confess. How to get round them or through them or rid of them I'm quite unable to say.

In every efficient club each member's record is periodically reviewed by the council of the club in two respects: First, with reference to his attendance, and, second, with regard to his record of service and willingness to serve.

My suggested program involves, in addition to the things mentioned in my former articles, a simple addition to these two above-mentioned inquiries—namely, that each Rotarian should be required to indicate periodically (in writing or otherwise) in what ways he has taken Rotary to his business; how it is succeeding and what help, if any, his club can give him to assist in making the Rotary application to his business more effective.

Rotary, properly understood is a high calling and only a real man can be a good Rotarian. It is a light in the darkness of a disturbed economic sea; an answer alike to the non-progressive and to the destroyer of society in its present form; a calm voice of sanity, knowledge, and experience sounding in all the nations of the earth, saying "I serve."

THE greatest resources today are human resources—not resources of iron, copper, and lumber. The great need of the hour is to strengthen this human foundation, and business men are the group that can do it.

—Roger Babson.



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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 33.)

the Northwest. This council draws its membership from Buhl, Twin Falls, Burley and Rupert, and the Scout membership has been increased from a little more than one hundred to about seven hundred.

Buhl Rotary is especially proud of the help it was able to give to 13-year-old Karl Peterson. Born with a physical defect which doctors had declared beyond relief, he came to the attention of the Business Girls' Club when he was compelled to leave school. The Business Girls brought the case to the attention of the Rotarians and Karl was sent to a Salt Lake hospital. When no material benefit resulted he was sent to the famous Mayo brothers at Rochester, Minn. Here it developed that his case was so unusual that Dr. Charles Mayo himself became interested in it, the operation required being both delicate and dangerous. However, it was successfully accomplished and Karl is now growing strong at home and preparing to take his place in society.

The Business Girls deserve a lot of credit in this case as they helped until the self-appointed task was finished.

These Girls Took Home The Bacon

ANAHEIM, CAL.—The local Rotarians promoted a "Get Better Acquainted" party when the four luncheon clubs of the city, Business Girls, Kiwanis, Lions and Rotary, spent some happy hours together. Two weeks in advance of the party, each club was notified that there would be a valuable prize awarded to the club putting on the best fifteen-minute stunt. It was emphasized that this prize would be something which any club might be proud to win and exhibit, that this was the first party of the kind, and the prize would establish a precedent for succeeding committees. The clubs schemed in secret—each afraid that their competitors would discover what was being planned. The stunts were indeed good and the Business Girls won the prize. The Rotarians staged a mock wedding, in which three members representing the three men's clubs were married to a Rotarian representing the Business Girls. A 265-pound "flower girl," a "bride" and a "bridesmaid" evoked much comment from the audience.

The prize was a pig. A fat little black pig, all equipped with red ribbons and harness. The prize was solemnly awarded and the audience rocked with laughter. Later the party chairman and his one confederate were given credit for having kept their secret so well.

An Attendance Plan That Brings Results

LANSING, MICH.—The Lansing Rotary Club has a plan for stimulating attendance which has worked well and which has attracted considerable attention from other clubs in the district. This plan was formulated by Rotarian H. D. Hill and improved by Dwight Gardener, who succeeded Rotarian Hill as chairman of the attendance committee. Here is a brief outline of their scheme:

The successful promotion of regular attendance requires: First, interesting meetings; second, that the matter of regular attendance be kept constantly in the foreground. The Lansing Rotary Club meetings have always been interesting but since the adoption of the present attendance plan the percentage of attendance has increased from around 70 to better than 90 average for 1923-24.

So many requests have been made for explanation of the plan that it is given complete publicity.

A badge or medallion about 3½ inches in diameter bearing the Rotary wheel, the name, nickname and classification of the member was adopted. Pieces of colored ribbon are attached to the back of the badge and hang below it two or three inches. Different colors indicate the wearer's standing. Purple and white indicate that the wearer has attended every meeting thus far of the calendar year.

Purple alone is worn by those who attended all the meetings of the preceding month.

Green is worn by those who missed one meeting during the preceding month.

Red by those who missed two meetings, and yellow by those who missed three or more.

The ribbons are changed on the badges of all those whose standing has changed, before the first meeting of each month, and much jubilation is registered by the proud wearers of honorable colors and disgust and shame by the delinquents.

Nothing but personal presence counts. Excused absence, sickness, or other excuses count for nothing.

The attendance committee has full charge of the records and show no favor.

Various stunts designed to make life miserable for the wearers of "delinquent" colors are worked, which stimulate a desire for more honorable colors.

To remind an absentee that he was missed from the meeting, a blue card signed by the secretary and chairman of the Attendance Committee is mailed him in an envelope after the meeting.

To those absent two meetings in succession a red card is sent, on which in addition to the notations on the blue card is a copy of the by-laws relating to attendance. This red card is a bitter dose and it is seldom necessary to send the second one.

The badges are kept in a glass case in the parlor of the hotel and attract considerable attention from the guests.

The Little Tin Godlets

(Continued from page 14.)

terrible — simply impassable — bridge washed out —"

"Nothing of the sort. There's a brand new state road all the way to —"

"I don't know anything about that, but I do know about the weather; we're going to have a storm — a terrific storm —"

WELL, it was no use trying to say anything even if the sky was the bluest blue that the world has seen since Noah stepped out of the ark. He had asked somebody and somebody had told him that the hotel in that town had good ham and eggs. But sometimes it was the other way. We would get into a town in a pouring rain after miles of the worst roads in America and stop at a garage, along about nine at night. Instantly our friend would jump out of the automobile and hurry up the street. When he came back he would rub his hands briskly.

"All right, everybody pile into the car," he would exclaim. "Next town is only forty-seven miles ahead and we can make it easy. There's not a hotel in this hole fit to put a dog in. Fine hotel only forty-seven miles —"

"Roads any better than we've been having?"

"Well, no!" he would have to admit reluctantly. "They say they're not quite so good—not quite."

"But, great cats! if this cloudburst keeps on we'll be mired sure as fate!"

"Oh, pshaw! You don't mind a little sprinkle of rain like this."

"We don't, hey? Well, we don't go another mile, I tell you! The rear spring of the car has come loose and is jammed through the spokes of the rear wheels. We've got to put the car in this garage. She's not safe. We'll all be killed."

"Nonsense! That spring is all right."

"But I tell you the car won't go two miles farther without falling into a heap of junk."

"No, it won't; Get in, I tell you. Let's be moving. I won't stop here. If you won't go with me I'll walk it alone!"

So we would go on, through the storm and the night and the mud with the hind wheels jamming and sloshing sideways, to the ham and eggs he had been told about and that he thought he had to have, and in the morning he would take a look at the ham and eggs when they were set before him and groan. And groan all that day. And all because the eggs were not up to specifications.

Now, I hold that no little tin godlet of any Greek or Roman ever made such a difference in his life, or occupied such a prominent position in it as Ham-micus Eggicus did in the life of that

friend of mine. It would have wrung your heart to see the woe of the man if he could not get ham and eggs—if he had to eat bacon and eggs, or pork chops and eggs, or a miserable breakfast of coffee with new cream, golden-brown wheat cakes with genuine maple syrup, choice of eighteen varieties of breakfast food, fresh brook trout, soda biscuits with honey, huckleberries with fresh milk, little finger sausages and—another cup of coffee, thank you! When that happened his whole day was

ruined. For the next twenty-four hours he would talk about nothing but how the country was surely on the verge of ruin and that probably in 1924 we would see William Jennings Debs, or somebody, elected on the Bolshevik ticket and Liberty bonds down to seven Russian rubles a bale, unless—after a long and gloomy silence—he would sigh and say he did not doubt that by this time his wife had run off with the cross-eyed Polak that cuts his grass, and that if he married again his next wife

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would probably not know a ham from an egg. Then he would put his head down on the back of the front seat and weep. If the tonneau of the car had been water-tight we would all have had wet feet.

Back there in Greece or Rome this thing would have been managed better. The man would not have let his ham and egg troubles spoil his day. He would have built a neat little temple to Hammicus Eggicus in his back yard and once a week or so he would have offered up a ham or an egg to his godlet, and that would have been the end of it. Once or twice a year, when the Feast of Hammicus Eggicus came around, he would have rigged himself up in a red bordered table-cloth and a few paper flowers and done one of those bare-leg dances in honor of the demigod, but he would not have gone around in the sulks, looking down his nose for a week.

WE surely do pick out some strange godlets. I knew a man—an important business man—who had one he had made of a pen, a pencil, an inkstand, and a piece of blotting paper. You would not believe a civilized being could make a demigod of that; you might expect a Maori or a native of Uganda to do it, but not a civilized person. But this man did. The pen and the pencil had to be laid just so on his desk, and the blotter just so, and the inkstand had to be just so full of just the right kind of ink. The pen had to have a new steel nib in it every morning, and the nib had to be exactly the right kind—No. 666, or some other cabalistic number.

About nine o'clock in the morning this man would come into the office, greet everyone cheerfully and go into his private office. The next minute no one breathed. Either the man began to whistle, "Oh! I have longed for thee-ee-ee!" or he let out a howl that made the elevator cables vibrate like the strings of an Aeolian harp. If the pen nib had not been renewed, or the blotter had a spot of ink on it, or the pencil point was too long or too short, there was more swearing than you would believe a respectable business man could work up in a year. All that day he was hardly good for anything at all. He let himself get so roiled up and mad that he could not do business, and it took him all day to settle down again.

I've always been surprised that the Bible has not paid more attention to this business of the little tin godlets we permit to get a bulldog grip on us. Perhaps it does somewhere and I missed it when I was skipping over the solid print to get to the important part of the story. I think Job would have been the man to use; I can imagine a few verses like these:

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IT IS TRUE "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" BUT—

it is unfortunately also true that with the rank and file it usually happens that the man who talks the



longest and loudest about **SERVICE** is thinking about what the other fellow should render to him.

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87. And Job spoke unto his maid-servant Aminta, she who had been highly recommended by Mrs. Hamma-Ra, she who was in authority over many maid-servants, saying: For the land's sake! How many times do I have to tell you that when I put my boil ointment anywhere I want it left there? And Aminta wisteth not where it was.

88. And Job spoke unto his wife, and unto his wife's mother, and unto his father and his grandfather, and unto his sons and daughters, saying: Where didst thou remove my boil ointment to?

89. And they wot not where it was, for they said they had not removed it thence.

90. And the impatience of Job was passing great. And he tore his hair and rent his garments and put ashes upon his head and sat in sack-cloth among the swine, saying: Woe is me! For if there is one thing in the world I have told those folks a thousand times it is to leave my ointment alone! Things have come to a nice pass if a man cannot put a thing down and find it again when he wants it.

91. And one came to Job and spoke unto him, saying: Thy boils must be bad today.

92. And Job arose up in wrath, and Job slew him, and Job spoke these words: Verily, no! Whatareth a man for a few dozen boils? But I can't see, when everybody knows I want my ointment left just where I put it, why everybody has to go moving it to some place where a man couldn't find it in a thousand years—

93. And thereafter the days of Job were many, but he would not be comforted, for lo! when he found his ointment not he was miserable, and when he found it he was miserable lest he find it not the next time.

LAST summer I spent the hot weeks with my family in a cottage at the seashore and we had a grand time down there among the sand-dunes and the wild waves and the poison ivy and the ticks and all the other things that make beach life glad and joyful, but there was one lady within thirty or forty miles of us who just did not seem to have any fun at all. I don't know what little tin godlet she worshipped when at home, but for seaside use she had one that seemed to be named "No Bathing-Suits on the Kitchen Floor." Along about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the bathers were returning from the beach, she began the formal ceremonies of her worship with a chant that somewhat resembled an ancient Celtic wail for the dead, but that was louder and had different words. The words of the first verse began, "My god! How often do I have to tell you I won't have No Bathing-Suits on the Kitchen Floor?" This was responded to by the chorus in these words: "Aw! I didn't put No Bathing-Suit on the Kitchen Floor!" The lady then worked herself into a finer fury and chanted, "You're a liar! I seen the Bathing Suit on the Kitchen Floor. The next one that puts a Bathing-Suit on the Kitchen Floor is going to get skinned alive. Get out of here! Get th' h— out of here!" To this the chorus replied: "Aw! I didn't put No Bathing-Suit on the Kitchen Floor!" The lady then sang an aria announcing to everyone in Eastern New York and Connecticut and the northerly portions of New Jersey and Delaware that there

was nothing but work from morning to night and that nobody ever did anything and that she'd be something'd if she would have No Bathing-Suit on the Kitchen Floor.

She then announced that everyone was a liar and that the man who wrote that earth hath no sorrows that heaven cannot heal was another, and that somebody would be skinned alive in a minute. By that time she would be in the proper spirit for worshiping a tin godlet, and doors would begin to slam and youngsters to yowl and tin pans to clatter, and everybody would have a grand old time and weep and wail and shout and swear. The happiness of that whole family's day would go to pot in about five minutes. Nobody got any fun out of it, but the neighbors. We did enjoy it.

NOW, I cannot understand why any reasonable human being can set up a silly tin godlet like that and let it become such an obsession that it spoils one day or one hour. No matter which of your neighbors you study you'll find he—or she—has dug out and set up some one tin godlet of this sort, such as "I'd Like to Know Why None of My Undershirts Ever Has a Blessed Button on It" or "Look Here, How Many Times Do I Have to Tell You Not to File 'American Prune Company' Under 'P?'" I don't know how many years Frank P. Adams has been throwing fits because his shirts come home from the laundry with pins in them. I don't know how many years my friend has been making his life miserable over Hammicus Eggicus, or how many summers the lady within thirty miles of us has been getting angry over No Bathing-Suits on the Kitchen Floor. I can't understand it, these things are so petty and unimportant. If it was anything big—anything really important, like Matches—I could see some sense in it.

I hold that a man who stays at home all day and who cannot do any real work unless he is smoking a pipe is entitled to have Matches in the house at any and all times. I maintain that he is perfectly justified—when he goes down to the kitchen and finds no Matches, not a single Match!—in kicking a hole in the side of the refrigerator and throwing the ironing-board into the sink. He should not submit to this thing tamely; he should show that when he says "Matches" he means "Matches!" He should teach his wife to understand this, and impress upon her that if she does not want to ruin his entire life she must keep Matches on hand, and plenty of them, too! I am a patient man and there are only a few things that make me angry and sulky—only seven or eight hundred—but not one of them is in the same class with such



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miserable little demigods and tin godlets as Hammieus Eggicus or Diana or the Collar Button That Rolls Under the Dresser or Aurora. The tin godlets I have set up are reasonable and common-sense ones. A man must have Matches or he cannot light his pipe, can he? In the Modern Pantheon I claim a place of honor, not in a draft, for my pet demigod Plenty of Matches.

I had a perfectly miserable time during the war. I resented the war. You may not know it, but I discovered almost immediately why the fiends in human form brought on the war—it was to annoy me. Not a decent Match for years! Half the time there wasn't a spare box of Matches in the kitchen, and when there were any they were nothing but bits of cross-grained petrified teakwood, or some other incombustible material, dipped in brown-paint—fireproof paint. You picked up a box of the infernal things and took out one of the so-called Matches and rubbed its head on the side of the box—and the stick broke across the grain. Nothing else happened—nothing else ever happened!

I estimate that the sacrilegious work done to Matches during the war sent my blood-pressure to 106 in the shade, 7,598 times per month, and cost me \$37,560. A man can't do any work when he is that mad. And anyone can see that, considering these things, Matches is not a cheap godlet like the one you, for instance, think such a lot of.

Nevertheless, I am willing to be fair. I am willing to adopt the attitude of

the ancient Greeks and Romans—"You let me have my godlets and I'll let you have yours." You go right ahead letting your pet tin demigod fuss you up and get your goat, and I'll go right ahead letting Matches give me the sulks. And we'll get together and start the Great Modern Pantheon, up in Central Park or somewhere, and have statues of our godlets, and altars, and all the trimmings. I can't quite figure out what a statue of Ham-and-Eggs would be like, and it may drive two or three sculptors crazy to create a really classical and tony representation of No Bathing-Suits on the Kitchen Floor, but on the days when I go down to the kitchen and discover that there are no extra Matches, and I get mad and hate myself, and let it ruin my day, I'll put on my best hat and go over to Central Park and there, in spotless marble with, perhaps, a strip of sand-paper on the seat of his trousers, will stand the immortal figure representing Eighty Million Boxes of Matches Always Within Reach. Before the noble statue will be an altar, and on the altar will be a taper in the form of a solid-gold cigar-lighter, an eternal flame, never to be permitted to go out.

And I'll bet a dollar that every time I go there the flame will be out! I'll look at that taper and at the altar attendant and I'll be so angry and disgusted and upset I won't be able to say a word. I'll just stand there and sulk.

And that will spoil another day.

And be another little tin godlet in the Great Modern Pantheon.

Annual Address of President

(Continued from page 9.)

longer a mask, no longer a veneer, but a reflection of his soul.

In similar fashion, men in business put on the mask of their craft code. They study its provisions; they learn its true inward purposes of honesty and service; they translate its rules of conduct into their daily business lives; they convey its "Shall" and "Shall not" to their employees so that they, too, may grow in right conduct; they supervise their business to see that ethical thoughts prevail in every department; they proceed to establish intimate, cordial, and friendly relations with their employees; they put purchasing and selling on a higher plane; and bye and bye, the code is no longer a mask, but is a reflection of their business soul.

The actualization of the written code in action puts the soul into business, and provides the business man with the joy and happiness which comes from rendering service and from fulfilling his obligation of honesty and integrity in his business dealings.

Code-writing, inspired by Rotarians, affects not only Rotarians, but non-Rotarians.

The influence of a code of standards of correct practice is largely determined by a number of persons who have subscribed to it, through their associations, or by the number of persons not affiliated with any association, who find in their craft code a guide to conduct which appeals to their sense of honesty.

The recent code of the Wisconsin Implement Dealers' Association will be adopted by every state which has an implement dealers' association, and will eventually become the code of over 15,000 retail implement dealers. As it is not likely that there are more than 1,400 implement dealers who are members of Rotary clubs, this code, inspired by Rotarians, reaches not only the 1,400 Rotarians, but also 13,600 non-Rotarians.

The same is true of the code of the National Shoe Retailers, which affects

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16,500 retail shoe dealers not members of Rotary clubs.

Of the fifty-one codes adopted since the start of Rotary's campaign for codes, twenty-seven of which are the codes of great national organizations, a careful estimate indicates that two hundred thousand business men, unassociated with Rotary, are now working under adequate codes which direct them in ethical conduct. This is a great practical demonstration of the results secured by Rotarians as ambassadors to their crafts, and also a conclusive proof of the leavening effect of Rotary upon the whole business world.

To each and every Rotarian who has participated in Rotary's campaign for codes, I wish to express a personal word of appreciation. Your work has been a direct service to the business world, and you have manifested the spirit of Rotary in carrying forward its second great object—to encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions. You have done your part in the making of a happier, more contented, a more kindly, and a more co-operative business world.

FOR the anniversary this year, the central theme of our birthday celebration was the Sixth Object of Rotary, which is—

"To encourage and foster the advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace, through a world fellowship of business and professional men, united in the Rotary ideal of Service."

This object is the ultimate goal of Rotary. All other objects in our constitution are but stepping stones to this goal.

We have noted above that correct business methods must go hand-in-hand with extension, in achieving the ultimate object sought by extension. Permit me to present some pertinent observations bearing on this point, and also, the possible important results of a world-wide campaign for standardization of business methods.

Ethical conduct of business, emphasized and spread throughout the world, will greatly diminish the inclination and disposition on the part of the peoples of the different nations to fight one another. Unscrupulous business methods have been a potent cause of many international misunderstandings, and war has frequently sprung from unethical business manipulations, and desire for monopolistic control. It is a historical fact that nations are born, and great wars have happened through the use of business as a pawn in the world's game of chess. History shows that governments follow the same path as business: if business is crooked, governments will be crooked. If business is honest (which Rotary's campaign for better business ethics aims to make it), it has a corresponding



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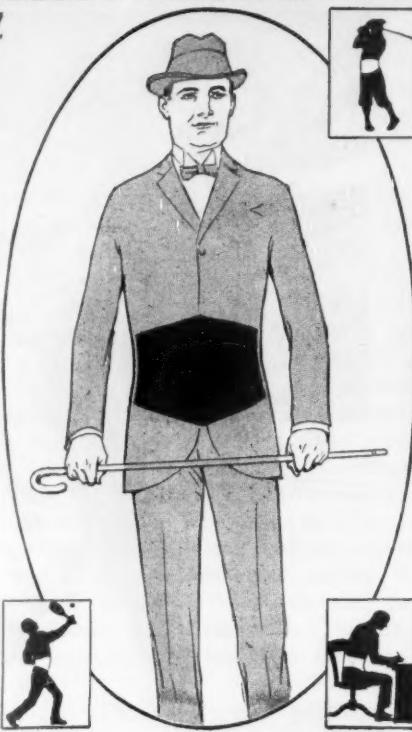
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reaction upon the character of government.

When the Rotary campaign for ethical business conduct spreads and is accepted, and is of world-wide recognition and enforcement, one of the greatest and most serious hidden underlying causes of jealousy and war will have been permanently removed.

Likewise, the campaign for business ethics and the standardization of conduct by written codes of ethics, which Rotary has proclaimed and advanced, when yoked up with a larger plan of extension, will bear greatly on the elimination of war and the bringing about of world peace.

Therefore, extension of Rotary throughout the world assumes a deeper significance when one reflects on its possible effects on great world problems. Rotary extension should be hastened. Extension in widely separated sections of the world can only be hastened by the expenditure of money. The present per capita tax stands all of the load of extension that it can possibly carry.

IF Rotarians believe that Rotary is the greatest betterment movement of this country, and have confidence in its practicability as a potent living force for good, applicable to all nations and all peoples alike, then they should devise means to provide ample funds to facilitate aggressive extension, to the uttermost parts of the world. In the words of Shakespeare's Macbeth, "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

The cost of a world fellowship five years hence would be trifling, when contrasted with the loss to civilization incident to its postponement for a decade or more.

May I leave for your thoughtful consideration the ways and means of providing largely increased finances for extension outside of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland?

In Resolution No. 34, passed at the St. Louis convention, Rotary took a great onward step in visualizing the functions of a Rotary club.

For many years I have stressed certain of the views expressed in the resolution, particularly in differentiating that there are two distinct varieties of activities in Rotary:

First: Those activities which originate and are under the complete control of the board of directors of Rotary International, for accomplishing the objects and purposes of Rotary, as set down in the constitution and by-laws, or which have as their object the preservation of Rotary ideals, Rotary ethics, and Rotary's unique features of organization, and the extension of Rotary throughout the world,—and

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Second: Those activities and service of various kinds which originate and are carried on in the club.

In the so-called "objective activities" the Rotary clubs have autonomy. The resolution further states that these activities shall neither be directed by Rotary International, nor shall objective activities in any clubs be prescribed.

As regards the directive powers of the board of directors of Rotary International, I believe that, as we have now reached the point where Rotary's objects, purposes, and unique characteristics of organization are quite fixed and determined, future boards will exercise greater control of these fundamental facts than has heretofore been the custom.

While all Rotarians must never fail to be grateful for the genius and wisdom of the men who wrote the resolution, one must not forget that the ideals expressed must have been accepted Rotary thought for some time; otherwise, the resolution could never have been adopted.

Let me at this point philosophize for a minute on the question of presentation of resolutions and the principle underlying their acceptance or rejection.

It is a psychological fact, as I suggested above, that the idea involved in a resolution must be generally accepted by Rotarians as worth-while, appropriate, and true, before that idea can be adopted by convention action. This principle apparently has not been understood by some, who having presented resolutions, felt great dissatisfaction when the action of the convention was negative. Unfortunately, failure to observe the principle and consequent rejection of the resolution has discouraged some, who, with the sincerest motives, present great worthwhile objectives which are several years ahead of current Rotary thought.

Resolutions which suggest additional Rotary objects and purposes, or new service activities, cannot be hurried to approval. They must follow the old maxim: "It is best to make haste slowly." Considerable time should be allowed for pre-convention discussion and consideration of all new legislation.

All of those observations, however, should not deter any Rotary club in the world from presenting its thoughts on Rotary for the consideration of the only law-making and policy-defining power of Rotary International—its international convention.

Returning to the consideration of Resolution No. 34: It is a matter of great pride that the Rotary clubs, having had their autonomy in objective activities conferred by the resolution, have shown greater achievements this year in community service than was

shown heretofore. Specific community service in boys' work has progressed with leaps and bounds.

When one discusses Rotary, one must bear in mind that there is:

First, the Rotary idea, which is made up of the fundamentals of Rotary; Second, the Rotary club, which is the unit organization which has evolved and adopted the Rotary idea; Third, Rotary International, the organization created by the clubs to preserve and maintain the Rotary idea, extend it around the world, and coordinate and generally supervise the activities necessary in its maintenance and preservation.

WHEREVER Rotary shall spread, it must be a replica of the Rotary idea, which embodies all of the fundamentals of Rotary. The fundamentals, as presented this year, naturally group themselves into international fundamentals and Rotary club fundamentals.

Extension of Rotary world-wide depends in a large measure on the adequate presentation of fundamentals which are of international application. Therefore, it necessarily follows that commissioners for extension should not only lay greatest stress on the first five fundamentals but they should require those seeking to establish a club to accept, adopt and maintain the following fundamentals before the issuance of the charter—namely, singleness of representation; compulsory attendance; intensively developed friendships; activities in the club for the betterment of the individual member and his business, the obligation that members strive for the betterment of the craft corresponding with their classifications in Rotary, particularly stressing business standards.

Also, it should be impressed upon those desirous of establishing the new club that, in addition to the distinctly internationally directed fundamentals, there are certain club fundamentals stressing effective but non-duplicative activity for the community, state, and country, and the obligation of service to humanity.

These club activities which have already been demonstrated by many clubs to be worth while (meaning thereby boys' work, etc.), should be explained to them, so that these great services will not be neglected in new clubs in new lands.

But, the main purpose of Rotary—the making of men—should not be lost sight of in extension.

Now a few observations on club activities for the development of the individual Rotarians. I believe that the success of community service work is largely contingent upon the extent of the club activities which provide means for the betterment of the individual



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M. HEFTER'S SONS

members. Those clubs which do not utilize their meetings in the making of broader and better business men, more capable of rendering service; men inspired to greater usefulness and bigger undertakings; men with power and facility to participate in discussion and assume leadership among their fellows; have failed in one of the primary purposes of a Rotary club.

IN a letter written to the district governors about midyear, I said that in my opinion, the rating of clubs should be determined by what the club officers had done in developing men ready and willing to serve, and not by what the club had done in the so-called "objective activities." That Rotary club should be rated best which has purposely arranged its program and utilized its meetings in the making of men. In a Rotary club composed of men eager to serve and thoroughly prepared, every inspiration for community service presented in the club will be received with enthusiasm, and men skilled by Rotary's teachings will work to eventuate great achievements.

It must be borne in mind that the principles governing community service, adopted at the Atlanta convention, emphasize the fact that as a general rule, Rotary's services in the community should be manifested by the activity of the individual Rotarians in such services rather than by concerted action in the name of the club; and furthermore, that the Rotary club functions as a club only in those instances in which there is a particular service to perform, and no existing organizations prepared or willing to act, or where such service is not one of its appropriate functions.

I have noted with much interest the manner in which Resolution No. 34 has been carried out this year. The intent and purpose of the resolution has been strictly maintained by your international officers. Rotary International has continued to be a clearing house for such so-called "objective activities" as had widespread prevalence among Rotary clubs. It has likewise restrained its directive powers to those activities which are germane in the maintenance and preservation of the Rotary idea, and its extension throughout the world.

While Rotary International has been absolutely guided in its action by the resolution, I have also noted with regret that, in certain sections of Rotary, the obvious purport of the resolution has been contravened by an insistence, through district action, that certain so-called "objective activities" be made required activities of the clubs, thus assuming to the district or local unit of organization, powers denied to the officers of Rotary International.

Again, despite Resolution No. 34, which states that objective activities shall not be required nor shall objective activities be proscribed, there are instances of district governors—International Officers—who have directed the clubs to do certain objective activities and who have insisted that these activities be accomplished.

The attention of district governors has been called to this dereliction, and clubs counselled against similar actions. Investigation of several transgressions of Resolution No. 34 disclosed the fact that the rule was broken at the insistence of over-zealous Rotarians for particular activities.

Since Resolution No. 34 governs the action of clubs as well as the actions of the International officers, it is the duty of the Board of Directors of Rotary International to see that its requirements are carried out. The resolutions and established precedent of Rotary are as much a part of Rotary's administrative government as are the laws and regulations prescribed in the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International.

The confirming of autonomous club action in community service did not abrogate any of the obligations assumed by clubs when granted a certificate of membership in Rotary International. In accepting membership, the club agrees to be bound by the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International. It is also bound by the resolutions of the international conventions, and the precedents and interpretation of the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International, established by the Board of Directors.

MAY I call your attention to a precedent of Rotary which has been confirmed as a regulation of Rotary clubs by the old Executive Committee of the International Association and subsequently by various Boards of Directors. The precedent is that member Rotary clubs of Rotary International shall, not as clubs, join any other organizations.

The first enunciation of this rule was given when certain clubs desired to take membership in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. At that time, it was decided that Rotary clubs, as clubs, should not affiliate themselves with the chamber. Similar action was taken later, when a club desired to become a member of the State Chamber of Commerce.

In February, 1923, the Board of Directors of Rotary International reaffirmed the principle, and extended it to include any and all organizations. The minutes of the meeting record the following action:

Rotary International holds that its member clubs should not become member clubs of any other organization than Rotary International, nor should any Rotary club un-

dertake to pay dues to any other organization through its club treasury.

If you will thoroughly consider the above action, you will undoubtedly agree that the decision given is a proper one. The local club unit of our organization is governed by the Constitution and By-Laws of Rotary International, and functions under that Constitution. Where clubs join another organization, they are subject to another constitution and subject to the direction of another governing body. A dual relation of this kind cannot help but place clubs in an embarrassing position as regards the authoritative voice in controlling their actions, and creates a divided loyalty between the organization by which they were chartered, and the organization which they have joined.

The precedent which directs that Rotary clubs shall not, as clubs, join any other organization, has been disregarded by some clubs this year in joining, as clubs, the International Society for Crippled Children. The movement in aid of the crippled child is one of the most worthy causes in which all citizens can be interested, and is a movement which many Rotarians wisely elect as their great opportunity to serve humanity.

While there is no desire on the part of Rotary International to interfere in any way with the great activities of Rotarians for the crippled child, under our present precedent and action of your Board of Directors, it must be distinctly understood that clubs are not permitted, as clubs, to join the International Society for Crippled Children, or any organization, no matter how worthy its object.

BEFORE passing from the so-called "objective activities," I wish to say a few words to you about boys work.

It is not my intention to go into a discussion of boys work, for in so doing, I would detract from the very splendid program which the Committee on Boys Work will present to you, but I do want to leave with you a little thought on boys work, which I have stressed in my visits to clubs and conferences.

Many Rotary clubs have inspired great activity for boys work in the mass—boys work which is organized as Scouts, Y. M. C. A., Big Brother movements, "Boys Week," etc. In all such activities, only a small portion of the membership is actually engaged in direct contact with the boy; the rest are contributors, generally in money.

Now, my notion of boys work is one in which each individual Rotarian can participate. I believe that Rotarians should be interested in every boy with whom they come in contact, and should show that interest by trying to influ-

ence the individual boy's life, so that he may grow into an honorable business man and a useful citizen. The Rotarian should start this boy's work with his own boy at home, by becoming his pal, his counsellor, and confidant. He should also have a kindly or inspiring word for the boy who gives him his newspaper, the errand boy who brings him his packages, the apprentice or office boy in his business; in short, all boys; and secondly, so conduct himself that they should find in him something to admire and respect and imitate.

He should even extend boys work to the golf links, where the players have

a great opportunity to help mold the future lives of the caddies. Every caddy should find in the mature business man golfer a personality worthy of emulation. It is to be regretted that too often he only sees the type who curses at missed or unsatisfactory strokes, or who, in his travels 'round the course and on the tees, recounts smutty stories or double-meaning jokes.

Boys get their habits, good or bad, from the men with whom they are thrown in contact. Realizing this, Rotarians can do boys work by so conducting themselves that their actions will be admired and respected. Let us

PLEASE LET ME PLAY!



EVERWEAR STEEL PLAYGROUND APPARATUS

embodies every safe element of playability which delights the heart of a child.

It embodies every element of rugged strength and durability which the ones who pay the bill can possibly expect.

It is a distinct addition to any beauty spot consecrated to the play needs of children.

It is cheap, in but one respect: its ultimate cost.

Careful investigation by those concerned with or active in child welfare and public recreation is cordially invited.

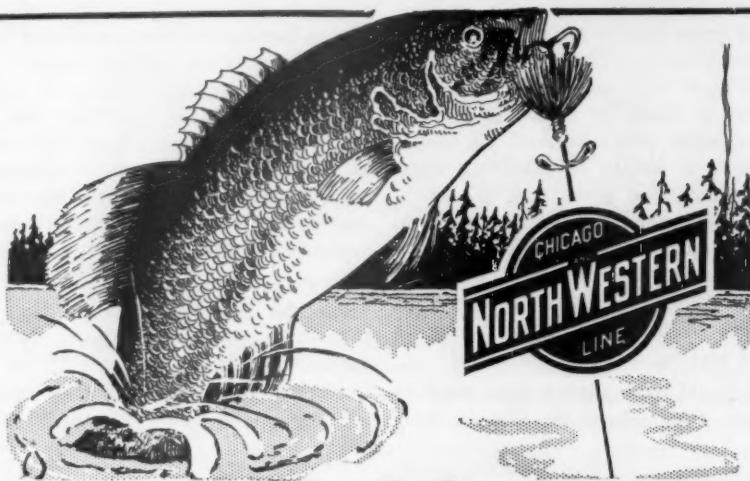
Write for a copy of our beautiful, new 52-page Catalog No. 16, and booklet "Creating the Playground."

The Everwear Manufacturing Company

Our playground lay-out service department is at your call without obligation.



Dept. C
Springfield
Ohio



Bass Fishing Season open

TWO FISHERMAN SPECIALS

Big reductions in season, 30-day and week-end fares



Chicago Passenger Terminal

Now, while the fresh green of June gives added enchantment to Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes, these gamy fish are waiting, eager to take the bait.

Wisconsin Lakes Special

Leave Chicago at 7:00 p. m. (Standard) daily ex. Sun., for Three Lakes, Eagle River, Conover, Phelps, State Line, Watersmeet, Rhinelander, Tomahawk Lake, Woodruff, Lac du Flambeau, Powell, Manitowish, Mercer, Winchester and Winegar, arriving early next morning. Drawing-room and open-section sleeping cars, observation-lounge car, serving appetizing buffet luncheon and breakfast.

Ashland Limited

Leave Chicago 5:00 p. m. daily (Standard).

Ask for illustrated map folder, information and fares

H. G. Van Winkle, General Agent, C. & N. W. Ry.
City Ticket Office, 148 S. Clark St., Chicago. Phone Dearborn 2323, or
C. & N. W. Terminal, Madison and Canal Sts., Phone Dearborn 2060



Here's Happiness Insurance!

A NEW thrill for the wife and kiddies—a new sweet for your "sweetie." A candy with a new deliciousness—a new and satisfying flavor.

ALMOND ROCA is concentrated candy goodness. It's making friends by the hundreds daily. Folks who thought they didn't care for candy are among the most enthusiastic ALMOND ROCA boosters. While the candy connoisseurs—the critical candy lovers—

You, too, will be delighted. Buy from your dealer or we will ship direct by mail.



BROWN & HALEY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

The Powers Hotel
ROCHESTER NEW YORK
Rotary Club Headquarters (Lobby Floor)
MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN!
J. Messner, Pres. and Mgr.

Salt Lake City, Utah
HOTEL UTAH
GEO. O. RELF, Gen. Mgr.
Rotary Club Luncheons held here Tuesdays, 12:15. Visiting Rotarians Welcome.

show the boy a character which we would not be ashamed to have him copy; and then, steadfastly endeavor to guide him, through conversation, into worthy ambitions, honorable business ideals, and a high viewpoint of complete morality.

YOU remember the story which has been told by boy workers about the boy, who when tempted to do wrong and needing help (which help his mother could have given him, but she didn't), said tearfully, "Mother, why didn't you tap on the window and help me?"

Boys everywhere need good men to tap on the window and help them, and it is this tapping on the window for all boys with whom we come in contact that will bring each Rotarian into active boys work, and bring his heart close to that of the boy as a pal.

But men, whether your boys work activity is with the mass, or whether you are active in friendliness and helpfulness to individual boys, don't forget your own boy at home.

The most important thought which I offer to you this morning is one which is world-wide in its application. The thought is most briefly conveyed in the statement, "The world needs a renaissance of right thinking, a development of the spirit of tolerance, and an avoidance of prejudice."

Let us consider these two topics in their reverse order.

It is almost a platitude to say that the world is needing tolerance as it has never needed tolerance before. Ordinarily, when one speaks of intolerance, one thinks of religion, but in the present generation, intolerance has become so prevalent that it embraces every form of human interest.

Rotary has done a great service in creating an organization where religious intolerance is unknown. Almost every religion is represented in the Rotary clubs of twenty-six nations, and with the complete encircling of the world in Rotary, every religion will be represented. This is a glorious victory for Rotary, but tolerance must not be limited to religion alone. It must prevail in all our thoughts. Since tolerance is an underlying principle of Rotary, our practices must square with that principle. Service becomes a mere lip wastrel if it is not coupled with tolerance.

Tolerance and lack of prejudice are an attitude of mind, and we should continually strive to ascertain whether our minds are set right. The intolerant man is never completely loyal. His mind is not open to conviction, and therefore, the proper mental attitude essential to true-blue loyalty is lacking.

Tolerance depends upon right thinking.

At the convention at Atlanta in 1917, when many nations were involved in a great world war, one of the speakers presented the thought that Rotarians must become leaders in creating a calm attitude of mind in the community in which they live. They must also be leaders in right thinking, and in the creation of right public opinion. He also stressed the thought that loyalty in time of crisis meant a mind untrammelled by prejudice and the forsaking of individual views for a national breadth of vision.

Rotarians must be men of sound and correct thinking in time of peace as well as in time of war. They must be leaders in thought; they must be men who seek to break down the forces of prejudice and substitute right thinking for just "feeling" about things.

Men of this age are too prone to settle questions on the basis of "feeling." One man feels that a high protective tariff is right; another feels that free trade is right; still another feels that revolution is the best way to reduce the high cost of living.

No problem was ever solved by just "feeling" about it. Feeling is one of the lower mental faculties; thought must always be the master. Feeling about things must be superseded by right thinking.

Rotarians are urged to be thoughtful and unprejudiced. There is a scientific attitude of mind which all Rotarians would do well to follow. It is to withhold one's judgment until one is in complete possession of the facts. The scientist does not express a judgment as long as any of the facts necessary to that judgment are absent.

Rotarians are asked to reserve their judgment the same as scientists. Many misconceptions of Rotary have arisen because of the tendency to reach judgement without full possession of the facts. Harsh criticisms have been made against Rotary policies and actions of the International officers, which criticisms would not have been made if those making them were in full knowledge of the facts in the premises.

LET us briefly summarize some of the ideal attributes necessary in combating intolerance and prejudice:

First—a spirit of tolerance and lack of prejudice;

Second—a scientific attitude of mind toward all questions;

Third—the discarding of feeling in reaching conclusions, and the substitution of right thinking;

Fourth—the softening of criticism with charity; and,

Finally—a mind so filled with love for one's fellowman that bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance can find no lodging there.

In the deliberations of this conven-

tion, the delegates should suspend judgment and keep open minds, so that the matters considered when adopted will crystallize true judgments.

God grant that the deliberations of this convention may be devoid of feeling, may combine suspended judgments and open minds with right thinking and may reach conclusions that will create a greater Rotary and hasten its progress to world-wide fellowship.

In closing, may I refer again to the Sixth Object of Rotary?

There are some who believe that the "world fellowship of business and professional men" proposed by this object

can never come to pass, and that this object is chimerical and visionary. Those who believe this do not know what you and I know of the wonderful fellowships which we have made in Rotary—fellowships not alone in one nation, but in many.

Sitting before me are men of twenty-six nations, who have learned to know and love one another. Is this the limit of Rotary in establishing a world fellowship? You and I know that it is not. And furthermore, we believe that Rotary will progress to every nation in the world, and that its Spirit will go on and on, fostering and encouraging

Battle Creek

for

Rest



IN the picturesque city of Battle Creek, Michigan, is situated a unique "School of Health"—where thousands come annually to learn how to maintain efficiency and health through "biologic living."

Battle Creek is truly an "Educational Health Center"—the result of fifty years of growth and development. A continuous series of physical training activities, health lectures, food demonstrations, educational moving pictures, concerts and entertainments add profitable and refreshing interest to the daily program.

The visitor to Battle Creek absorbs a wealth of information upon the subjects of healthful living and personal hygiene. The value of a wholesome, anti-toxic dietary; the necessity of physical activity, fresh air, sunshine, posture training and the outdoor life—these and other essentials are demonstrated by the most practical and scientific methods.

An interesting booklet

"A VISIT TO BATTLE CREEK"

will be sent free on request

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

Battle Creek (Box 223) Michigan





A Cap for Every Sport!

Merton-Air, so named because it has a ventilator which allows the air to circulate inside the cap and keeps the head cool. Helps you to get the most out of your play. From \$2 to \$5. At fine stores. For names of dealers nearest you, address us at

210 Fifth Avenue, New York



Merton-Air
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
The AIR COOLED CAP

The Cruises Supreme

1925

Around the World

on the Cunarder
"FRANCONIA"

A thrilling circumnavigation of the globe on this famous *Cruising Steamer* exclusively chartered by us

Leaving New York January 22

returning May 31

130 wonderful days, traveling via the ever-fascinating Mediterranean to Egypt, to India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, China (South, and North with Peking), Japan in Cherry Blossom Time—Hawaii—etc.

Cruise Limited to 400 Guests

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK

585 Fifth Avenue
near 47th St.

253 Broadway
Opp. City Hall

Boston Philadelphia Chicago
San Francisco Los Angeles
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AS OTHERS SEE YOU!

Confidential straw vote among your acquaintances who detail their personal opinion of you on our personal analysis chart without signing their names and without knowing that you asked us to do this. Your good points. Honest appraisal. Stimulates self-confidence or enables you to strengthen weak points which retard success. Remarkable results. Small fee. Twenty years devoted to personal appraisements for vocational, business and professional purposes. Full information free. Write Analyst Institute, 521-A Sunderland Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

understanding, good will, and international peace, and finally, a world fellowship of business and professional men, united in the Rotary Ideal of Service.

I see the Flag of Rotary
From land to land unfurled,
I see a bond of hope and love
Binding a heartsick world.

Ten times ten thousand men each week
For high ideals join hands,
And then go forth to teach, to live
Those ideals throughout all lands.

'Tis ours to make a better world,
To serve, to love, to give,
To make our dream of dreams come
true—
We've but one life to live.

The Thinking Part

(Continued from page 19.)

have been still more surprised had he stopped to think how often he had championed accomplished facts, that a few brief months before he had protested as visionary innovations.

Once again comfortably seated behind his own desk, Darling remained for a moment in quiet reflection. Things were not going well. Business was dragging. "We're putting lots of steam into it," he thought, "but we don't seem to be getting results." He came back to concrete things. "I'll drop a line to some of the boys." His face brightened at the thought. He had been a salesman once, himself, and the life still had its suggestion of glamour for him. The night ride between towns, the ribald company in the smoker, the wayside station with its dishevelled bus-driver with his friendly personal greeting—the stuffy bedrooms in insignificant hotels—the smell of cooking—the frowsy help—the general air of untidiness and carelessness and friendliness—he remembered it all.

He came back to the present and to the patiently waiting stenographer. "I was back on the road for a moment," he said with that friendly smile that had made him so many friends. Then, almost without a pause, his voice changed to a business tone. "Dear Henry," he dictated—and he was off on a strange mixture of banter and shrewd common-sense, suggesting selling ideas, outlining possible new avenues of business; and all with a cheery comradeship, and an understanding of the problems of the man to whom he was writing. He enjoyed this work more than any of the other business of the day. Through his companionship of letters, he could still achieve some of the old thrill. He prided himself, too, that in this way he was still on the road selling for the company, though his actual body was behind a well-kept desk in an airy office.

V.

JIM HENRY, on whose shoulders Darling's mantle as a salesman had fallen, sat with his feet propped comfortably on the window ledge of the Grand Hotel, and watched the passers-

by with somnolent interest. It hadn't been as good a trip as he had expected. He had thought and worried about it a good deal in an aimless sort of way. It seemed to fit in somehow with something he had heard in the smoker the other night. It came back to him now. It was about Saleby—Saleby was about his own age. Someone had said, "Old Saleby's losing his grip." The idea had startled him then. Even as he thought of it now in the drowsy comfort of early afternoon, he did not like it.

"Pshaw!" he thought, "the old man's satisfied. Why should I worry?" He put the unpleasant thought from him.

Looking slumberously out between well-polished boot toes, he watched Sol Edgett carry out a sack of flour and dump it into a waiting wagon with a ribald jest for the driver.

"Edgett," he thought, ". . . didn't do much with him. I've a mind to go and tackle him again."

At that moment Allan, a rival salesman came out of the door. Henry leaned back with a grunt of disgust.

"Pshaw!" he said, "haven't anything else to say to him anyway."

Allan entered and slumped down into an adjoining chair.

"How's business?" Henry demanded somewhat ungraciously.

"Not too bad. How is it with you?"

"Rotten," growled Henry and subsided into a morose silence.

"Sell Edgett?" he demanded after a pause.

"Yes, tidy little order."

"Damn!" said Henry, "I was ahead of you. Sol must have been holding out on me."

Allan looked him over with a pleasant grin. "Jim," he remarked, "you're getting flabby—too much tallow, too little gristle. You'd make better candles than glue."

Jim Henry looked up belligerently. "The hell you say!" he retorted.

"Flabby physically and mentally," Allan continued. "A year or so ago you could talk back, now you only 'blah.' I've watched you Empire chaps, you're all just the same. You sit round like hungry sparrows (Cont'd on page 57.)

"Let's Take Rotary With Us!"

(Continued from page 20.)

give you a license to express your own opinion as a conclusion. You might think your product is the best in the world, and perhaps your competitor thinks the same about his—and it is barely possible that he is just as conscientious as you are.

It is a wonderful thing to come here from week to week and meet so many fine fellows and hear wonderful talks on ideals. But let us take Rotary with us into our business life and into our home life. *Rotary is a practical—a demonstrable every-day religion.*

You and I either honor or discredit Rotary according to our stewardship.

I can tell you the kind of a Rotarian you are by the advertising you do more quickly and more accurately than by any other evidence. I do not mean by the brilliance and the cleverness of your advertising, but by its ring of sincerity and truth.

Over 300 advertising clubs throughout the world are expressing Rotary ideals and elevating the standards of advertising practices, because there are Rotarians in every advertising club I ever heard of.

In most of the larger cities Better Business Bureaus are conducted in conjunction with advertising clubs and these Better Business Bureaus are going right out into the highways and byways of business, correcting wrong advertising practices and endeavoring to show advertisers the right way—the honest way.

Our Better Business Bureau in Los Angeles is supported by approximately 200 of our leading business concerns.

Since January 1 of this year (in two and one-half months) our bureau has investigated no less than 235 complaints of requests for specific information.

THIS is not mere theory nor idealistic ambition. It is brass tack service. *It is Rotary.* Only last week we had an interesting case. A certain Los Angeles merchant conducted a big sale and featured in his advertising his street address in big letters, endeavoring to impress upon the readers just where to find him.

A competitor next door, to take advantage of the advertising done by his neighbor, put up in big letters in front of his place the same figures "720" and then in small letters opposite, "Suits and Dresses on Sale," the sign really reading "720 Suits and Dresses on Sale." His idea was obviously to create the impression that his store was the place advertised in the newspapers whereas he applied the figures to a

number of garments on sale instead of a street address.

What a state of mind a merchant must get into to resort to this kind of trickery. We made him take the sign down and furthermore he was so impressed with the way we did business, that he has since come to the office of our club and said, "You fellows are doing a great work. You're in the right and I'm for you." And he has joined our bureau—a real convert. I ask you—is that not doing real Rotary service?

Only recently we had another interesting case. An advertiser used just a two or three-line classified advertise-

ment offering to supply complete plans and specifications for home building absolutely free.

Through some clever manipulation he got a deposit of \$200.00 from a woman who answered his advertisement and he delivered plans which were unworkable.

He refused to comply with the request of the bureau to refund the money. We took the matter into court, got a conviction and last week he was sentenced. That too—is Rotary.

If advertisers will get into the right state of mind regarding their obligation to the public and to themselves,

Where the Objects of Rotary are carefully followed



Fifth Avenue, 33d and 34th Streets
New York
ROY CARRUTHERS, Managing Director

The dignity of its Fifth Avenue address, the prestige of its remarkable hotel history, the spacious comfort of a hotel built before large buildings had to be crammed into small quarters, and its quiet, restful atmosphere—are some of the reasons why The Waldorf-Astoria has always been a favorite stopping-place of Rotarians when in New York.

The spirit of hospitality and service—for which The Waldorf has achieved world-wide acclaim—extends to the other great hotels under the management of

BOOMER-DU PONT PROPERTIES CORPORATION

THE
BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
Philadelphia

THE
NEW WILLARD
Washington

Hotels Statler

Rotary Hotels

BUFFALO

1100 Rooms 1100 Baths

CLEVELAND

1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

DETROIT

1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

ST. LOUIS

650 Rooms 650 Baths

Hotel Pennsylvania

New York—Statler-operated

2200 Rooms—The Largest Hotel in the World—2200 Baths

Seventh Ave., 32nd to 33rd Sts., Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal

Every guest-room in each of these hotels has private bath, circulating ice-water and other unusual conveniences. A morning newspaper is delivered free to every guest-room. Club breakfasts.

"Say it with Flowers"

If you wish to
effectively
express
Appreciation
or
Sympathy

"Say it with Flowers"

Your Rotary Florist will
deliver your order to distant
points within a few hours
through the Florists' Tele-
graph Delivery Service.

**Associated
Rotary Florists**

ENGRAVING **EMBOSSING**
PRINTING
LETTERHEADS BUSINESS CARDS
WEDDING & SOCIAL STATIONERY
SKETCHES SUBMITTED ON REQUEST
CENTURY ENGRAVING & EMBOSSED CO.
19 SOUTH WELLS ST. CHICAGO-USA.
W.G.HARTUNG-PRES.



Men in 35 States Send Collars to Us

Let us send an empty box for
your soiled collars. We special-
ize in work for manufacturers. We also offer
mail order service to particular men.

Collartown Laundry

107 BROADWAY

TROY, N. Y.

Every Pipe Lover Should Have One of These New Cigar Shaped Pipes

They protect eyes, face,
clothing, buildings, and
property, as no sparks
can fly, no ashes scatter.
Smoke as well outdoors
in heavy winds and rain
storms as indoors.
Made in France of well-se-
lected French Briar—guar-
anteed mechanically perfect.



Sport-briar

REAL Smokers REAL Pipe

is shaped like a cigar—lights
like a cigar (at end)—
smokes same kind and quant-
ity of tobacco as other
pipes.

Medium size 4 1/4" long—
price \$3.00

Agents Wanted

The Sport Briar sells on
sight—territories are being
rapidly assigned; better get
busy and write at once for
our liberal terms—big profits.

Fill out the coupon and forward at
once before it is too late.

SPORT BRIAR PIPE CO.
1018 Singer Bldg. Dept. C, New York

SPORT BRIAR PIPE CO.,
1018 Singer Building, Dept. C,
New York.

Send a Sport Briar Pipe, for which I
agree to pay \$3.00 to postman on de-
livery.

Name _____

Address _____

If more convenient for you, remit with
order.

Better Business Bureaus will be un-
necessary. It is significant that where-
ever you see a Better Business Bureau
functioning in this manner, you find
Rotary members active in its adminis-
tration.

The Advertising Club of Los Angeles
has approximately 1,000 members. To
contact with these 1,000 members
means an opportunity to broadcast the
fundamentals of Rotary throughout
the advertising messages of a thousand
concerns, reaching hundreds of thou-
sands of people.

This is *some* responsibility you and
I assume when we accept membership
in Rotary. How many of us are
measuring up to that responsibility?

Down in the innermost confines of
your conscience you know what you are
doing. You know whether you are
playing a make-believe game or de-
livering the real goods. And sooner or
later your fellow-Rotarians will know,
if they do not know now.

Practically every one of you men is
dependent to a large degree upon ad-
vertising for the success of your busi-
ness.

If you realized that in order to sustain
your physical life you would have
to take into your system a certain
number of calories every day, you
would not want to substitute imagi-
nary calories for real calories. Then
why will advertisers insist upon putting
extravagant statements, misrepresenta-
tions, and exaggerations into their ad-
vertisements when they only reduce
believability and lessen public confi-
dence in the institution itself.

Rotary principles in advertising are
not advocated simply because they are
idealistic but because they pay. They
pay in cash drawer receipts.

All success is founded upon public
confidence and public confidence is
founded upon truth without adulteration.

Now, I know that you all mean to be
truthful and you do not sense perhaps
the misstatements that get into your
advertising because custom has estab-
lished that prerogative in your con-
science. But, if you will weigh every
statement that is made in your ad-
vertising carefully, critically and ana-
lytically, and satisfy yourself that it is
positively true in every respect, then
you need not worry about the public
having confidence in your institution.

I sincerely hope that what I have
said may result in stirring thought to
action and that you will leave this
room today with the sincere resolve to
reflect the true fundamental of Rotary
in your advertising—"He Profits Most
Who Serves Best."

July, 1924

The Thinking Part

(Continued from page 54.)

with your mouths open. Never try to think where to find worms for yourselves."

Jim Henry lowered his feet carefully, while the stoutly, reinforced chair groaned in protest.

"Son," he said, "when the gods send manna, who are we that we should go hunting quail?"

That perhaps typified, as much as any single statement could, the attitude of the selling staff. They were nourished by Darling, housed and fed and taught, and they waited for the feedings.

VI.

WHEN Darling came first to the realization that business was not going as well as he had expected, he put it down to a temporary depression. He had been through such times before on the road and in the office. They had no terrors for him. "There is always business," he said. It was a maxim that he had developed and proved in his own experience. Hard times meant intensified effort, that was all, and the intensified effort meant business. It was a circle that he had never failed to complete.

Darling turned up figurative coat sleeves and went after things. He planned and perfected and co-ordinated his business, till he could not discover another creak in the machinery anywhere. But despite all his efforts the quarter's business still showed a disheartening backward trend.

Darling was not dismayed. He had courage. He had confidence in his organization. He had belief in himself. "There's always business," he said doggedly, "and we're going to get it."

What troubled Darling most was not that the business was not prospering, but that he could not see any reason why it should not. This familiar world of his was not behaving as it was accustomed to behave. The methods that had been successful in the past, were not a success now, and he had a feeling that the organization had sensed the fact that there was something wrong and were waiting for him to suggest a remedy. It troubled him.

"Things are bad," he admitted to a friend on the links that afternoon, "don't tell anyone I said so, but it's a solemn fact."

"You need a rest," his friend returned jocularly. "You should come out mornings as well as afternoons."

"Might as well," Darling assented gloomily.

"Look here," his friend remarked when an hour or so later they were enjoying a quiet cigar on the club veranda, "are you serious?"

"It's a serious game," Darling responded.

"I'm not talking about golf."

"Well, perhaps you're right," Darling responded with commiseration.

"I was talking about business," his friend retorted with some asperity.

"I was about to mention it myself, but it's not a particularly pleasant topic at the moment. I don't mind things going wrong when I know why they're wrong, at least I don't mind so much. But this thing gets me because we ought, by all the signs, to be doing a bumper business, and we aren't."

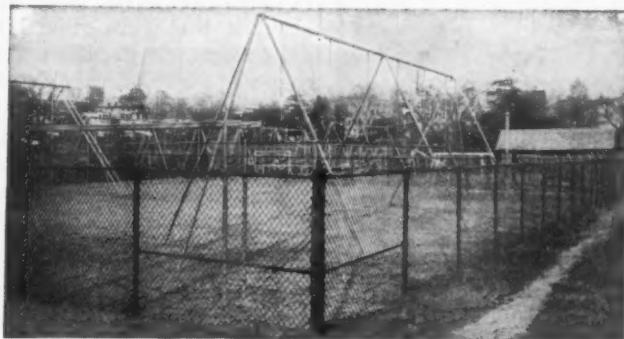
"That reminds me," his friend turned to him with a new interest, "what

you've said reminds me—there's a fellow in New York who makes a business of looking into concerns that are in a condition like you say, and sizing them up and saying what's wrong."

"He's not a business man," Everett hurried on to forestall probable objections. "He calls himself a business psychologist or something like that. His idea is that businesses have nerves, and suffer from worries and hallucinations, just like people. You know the birds who call themselves psychiatrists have thought out the nifty idea of going back to search out an underlying cause that produces a certain effect. You know the sort of stuff; your grand uncle

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"Everett, my poor friend," Darling retorted, "if there are such doctors you ought to consult one. I'm afraid your brain is getting porous."

"Not at all!" Everett retorted with some heat, "you say something's wrong with your business; you know it's wrong, but you don't know what it is. If you were in that situation, if you had the pain instead of your business having it, you'd go to a doctor, wouldn't you? That's all I'm suggesting. My brain's no more porous than yours. I'm not saying this chap is any good. I'm only saying that it's worth looking into. I've forgotten his name but he's on Fifth Avenue, I think."

"Better have him take a look at your golf," Darling retorted with malice.

VII.

BUT business did not get better. It didn't get worse. There was nothing about it that gave ground for immediate alarm. It was like a stagnation—that was the impression Darling had of it.

It was some months later that he was in New York. He was walking in a leisurely fashion along Fifth Avenue when his eye lighted on a modest sign—

PACKENHAM BUSINESS ADVISER

The name caught his attention as a familiar face in a crowd. "Business Adviser," he thought, "now when and where have I heard of anything like that. Then of a sudden Everett's words came back to him, and he smiled, "Poor old Everett, ready to fall for anything."

He had gone perhaps a block or two when his footsteps began to slow up. He turned and came back with something of hesitation in his step. Arriving once more before that modest sign, he stopped and hesitated, then with a deprecatory shake of his head, turned and entered, and with slow steps climbed the stairs to a small office on the first floor.

The place was as modest as the sign. Just an outer office with a typewriter desk and a bright-eyed young lady behind it, and beyond that a glassed-off enclosure, with nothing to suggest a business occupation. Still less did the occupant of the office suggest the world of business. Packenham, a tall shrivelled wisp of a man, with gray hair and

a gray face that suggested the professor rather than the business man, greeted Darling, without evident enthusiasm, and waved him to a chair.

Darling had a guilty feeling that he was sitting in at a seance or something of the kind. The sane business man in him strongly rebelled.

"I was advised to consult you about my business," he said apologetically.

Packenham only nodded.

Now that he was definitely obligated to the discussion of his particular problem, Darling was at a loss how to begin.

"No. That is, not primarily. I'm not in need of funds, if that's what you mean. It's just that conditions have got beyond my reach."

"In what way, may I ask?"

"If I knew that," snapped Darling, "I wouldn't be here."

"That makes it clearer."

Darling looked up sharply, but there was no hint of sarcasm on the other's face.

"My business," Darling continued, with something of reluctance in his tone, "isn't good. Paint, you know, Empire Paint Company. Nothing wrong, nothing at least that I can see, and I've had thirty years of training to know where things are wrong. I can't see anything. Good men, none better—energetic, eager, good spirit in the place. Tried 'em all out, they're sound; but we're not going ahead, we're going behind. What's the answer, Mr. Packenham? That's what I want to know."

Packenham sat thinking for a while. "Will you give me a week to look around a bit. In a week's time I will run down and see you, as your guest, if you will be so kind."

"That's all right. Glad to have you. But what will you do when you get there?"

Packenham smiled. "I'll do just as you do, if you have no objection."

"I mostly play golf," Darling admitted.

"I would be glad to join you, if I may."

Darling had his hand on the door when Packenham spoke again. "I think perhaps I can help. But I'd like you to understand, that I don't pretend to do anything marvelous. I may be able to see the reason, where you have failed to see it. I may be able to suggest a remedy. I don't say that I will, I just say that I may be able. I don't say, either, that you may not have a dozen friends who could tell you the thing as well as I could, but they evidently haven't, or you haven't believed them, or you wouldn't be asking me; and just one more thing, don't be surprised if all I have to tell you is obvious."

Darling left the office with very

mixed feelings. "Seems a sensible chap," he ruminated. "But what does he know about my business?"

VIII.

BY the time he had reached home and had been met at the station by his daughter, he had reached the not very comforting conclusion that he had been a fool. As a corollary to that he had decided not to mention the fact to anyone. Packenham was coming to visit. That was awkward certainly. Packenham, however, had suggested being considered a visitor. A visitor interested in the paint industry. Yes, that might do—would have to do.

During the succeeding week, Darling spent his time wishing that he had not let that dashed idiot of an Everett help him to make a fool of himself. "Any ass who plays golf like Everett," he reflected bitterly, "oughtn't to be expected to use judgment."

The arrival of Packenham did not cause as much of a flutter as Darling had expected. He had a guilty feeling that everyone would see through the ruse, but though he assisted manfully toward that end by too effusive explanations, Packenham's courteously disinterested air and professional appearance offset his efforts.

Packenham was a model guest, anxious to be interested in the interests of his host and his host's friends. Ben Moore was a fairly constant visitor at the Darling home, and while his interests were directed in a different channel, Packenham saw enough of him to gain some understanding of his appreciation for his employer, and his whole-hearted admiration for his employer's ability.

Packenham went out of his way to praise Ben's work. It was discriminating praise that showed understanding. Ben flushed with pleasure. "As a matter of fact," he admitted, "I think it is pretty good stuff, but I can't take all the credit for it, most of it is due to G. D."

"Darling, you mean?"

Ben nodded. "Yes, he's a wizard for ideas. He always passes on the copy, and, as a matter of fact, we pretty well work it out together. Of course, I put it in its final form. But I'd be a thief to take much credit for it," he ended with an embarrassed laugh.

Just then he saw Miriam, and with a hurried word of apology, was off.

For a week Packenham followed Darling about like an uneasy shadow. Darling found his presence a little trying.

"Beggar'll think I never do any work, and that's what's wrong with the business," he reflected with mounting annoyance, and to offset this impression he put in a more than usually strenuous week. He called all the available

salesmen off the road for a conference. Went more diligently than usual into the machinery of operations, till Logan sighed with weariness and the pain of sudden action, and wondered: "What's got into the old man anyway?"

"One thing Darling would not do, give up his golf."

"What's it to me if he thinks I'm a loafer?" he reflected bitterly. "I know I'm not."

IN all these activities, Packenham kept an even step, always with the air of a man mildly interested, the interests of an intelligent outsider.

"He'll probably play a rotten game," Darling reflected, "I'll pair him off with Everett. That bird will bore him to death with his talking, but at least they won't spoil anybody's golf but their own."

Packenham rather surprised him by beating Everett handily, and more than that, seeming to be frankly interested in Everett's conversation, even stimulating it at times with a well directed question.

Still, it was a hard week and Darling was glad when it was over and he and his self-appointed guest were sitting on the veranda smoking a good-

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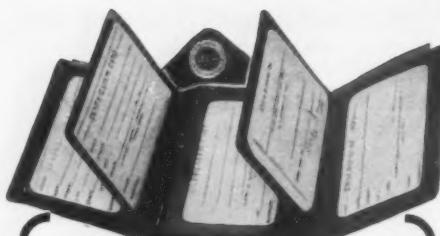
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night cigar. Darling had found him rather good company that evening and was inclined to remodel his preconceived opinions.

"Well," he remarked pleasantly, "how about it? Have you had time to form an opinion about things here?"

Packenham nodded.

"And you have a solution?"

Packenham nodded again. "Yes," he said, "I know what would help. Fire your whole staff."

Darling sat up with a jerk, and a slow flush rose to his face. "Did I hear you right?" he asked, there was an edge on his words. "Did you say fire the whole staff?"

Packenham nodded again with a pleasant smile. "Yes," he said, "that would meet the situation, I think. That's a solution—the easiest solution."

"You can count that one out, Packenham," Darling replied frigidly.

They smoked on for a while in silence. Then Packenham spoke again as though there had been no break in the conversation. "I thought as much," he said, "if I hadn't, I might not have been so ready to suggest it."

"Then you have another suggestion?" Darling unbent a trifle.

"Yes, but it's not as simple—you go away for six months or a year."

Darling grew purple in the face. "You think I don't do a damn thing?" he said, "just because I don't do it the way the others do. Because I go out and play golf and get a little pleasure out of living, you think I don't do anything, just as I knew you'd think!"

"Wrong, my friend," Packenham retorted placidly. "It's not what you don't do that bothers me, but what you do. That's why I suggest you go away. Now, wait a minute," he interrupted as Darling was about to burst into choleric speech. "I want you to get this straight. I'm not reflecting on your ability, or your staff, or your methods. I am just saying that these factors have got to a place where they do not work."

Darling, tensed for action, let himself sink back in his chair. The conclusion was irrefutable. But there was still a smouldering fire in his voice. "I suppose you have a reason for that condition."

"Yes, an obvious reason. I told you it would be. You've made your staff lean. They're all leaners. My solution is simplicity itself — take away the prop."

"It may be obvious," Darling retorted acidly, "but not to me."

"You're too close. It's this way: you've got a lot of good men, but they, none of them, think as fast as you do. That's all right, too, only that you have thought so fast that you haven't given them time to think at all. They have taken your ideas because they were there

and because they were good. They've taken these ideas day after day till they have pretty well forgotten that they can think for themselves. You've got every man on your staff waiting for you to suggest things, waiting for you to work them out of their difficulties, waiting for your advice. There isn't a sizable bit of backbone left among the lot. They're all leaners, and you've made them that way. Now, as I said, the simple way out is to fire the lot, and start afresh with men who have their initiative and imagination unimpaired."

"Think again," snapped Darling.

PACKENHAM leaned back in his chair, blowing wreaths of smoke above his head. When he spoke again it was softly, almost with a tone of commiseration:

"You're not well," he said.

"Never better in my life." The resort came in a growl from the storm-faced Darling.

Packenham held up a restraining hand.

"Ill," he said, "fighting courageously against a hidden malady. Saying nothing to anyone, bearing suffering uncomplainingly — even your most intimate friends unaware—"

"Why are you so fussy about making me an invalid?" Darling demanded querulously, "I don't know what you're driving at, but I know I never felt better in my life."

"Can you think of any better way?"

"Better way of what?"

"Of kicking out the prop. They can't lean on a dangerously sick man."

"I begin to see," said Darling without enthusiasm, "I don't like the idea much, and I'm not sure that you're right. I doubt if I'll go."

"Either you or your business will," Packenham retorted dryly. "You can't change in a day, neither can they; while you are here they'll lean on you. They couldn't help asking, and you couldn't help suggesting."

"Something in that," Darling admitted. "I'll think it over and let you know in a few days."

IX.

NO one knew just how the report of Darling's illness got abroad. It was whispered around the office, in vague words. No one knew what was the matter. It was all rumor, rumor that built on rumor, that provided symptoms and found corroborative evidence. It was unbelievable. There had been no suggestion of any such thing, no warning, and there was Darling moving among them a living refutation. And yet everyone knew he must go away for months, for years perhaps, must cut himself off entirely from his business and friends, while he fought for his life as courageously as he had

hidden the secret of his malady for so long.

"Poor old George," said his friends, "afraid his number's up! You wouldn't think it, though, to look at him! Wonder what the business will do without him?"

The news was as much of a mystery to Miriam as it was to anyone. Sitting out on the veranda with Ben Moore, with the hint of tears making her starry-eyed, she discussed the matter with him.

"I don't understand it all," she said. "I've never known dad to be sick an hour in his life, and now there's this something, and I don't know what it is and the doctors won't tell me."

"Have you spoken to your father about it?"

"Yes, I have. I've pestered him about it, till I have to stop. I'm so afraid of making him worse. But he won't tell me anything, either. He just says, it's alright—that he'll be alright—that there isn't the slightest need for worry. He says that he's just going to loaf around a bit, and that he will be back again in no time. Do you know, Ben, what surprises me most is that he seems to be laughing to himself all the time, as though he had a joke on someone, though he is sober enough, too, under it all. But he does seem to be rather enjoying it."

"Well, I wouldn't worry," Ben said, consolingly. "If he treats it that way there isn't likely to be much wrong, and he doesn't look it. Doctors don't know everything anyway. I wouldn't think any more about it if I were you. He's all right."

"Do you really think so?"

"Sure."

But Ben Moore's heart was heavy within him. It was just like good old G. D. to carry it off with a high heart. So like him to hide his suffering, to carry the whole load himself—yes—it was all typical of Darling.

It was a week later that Georg Darling pulled out on the evening train bound for a sanitarium in the South. A sister of Darling's had come to stay with Miriam, for against her tearful protests, his decision had prevailed, that she should not come with him.

"Let me tell you something," he said in parting, "I'm no sicker than you are. I'm just going on a holiday."

But womanlike, she had refused to believe.

Darling had talked things over with his employees in a friendly family conference before he left.

"I have to leave this business to you," he said. "I don't think there is much wrong with me," he continued with a whimsical smile that brought a lump to the throats of some of the men, "but the doctors tell me I must get away

from it, that I mustn't think of it for many months. They tell me that I can't even discuss it with any of you. I would like to have at least sat by and watched, and to have helped where I could, but they won't let me. You'll have to look after it for me. I'm turning it over to you all to look after for me while I'm away. Mr. Packenham, an old friend of mine, will be here. You can consult him, when necessary, but he doesn't know much about the business, and he's not there to manage it, only to look on and to let me know now and then how it is going. It's your business for the time being and I am counting on you to give it back to

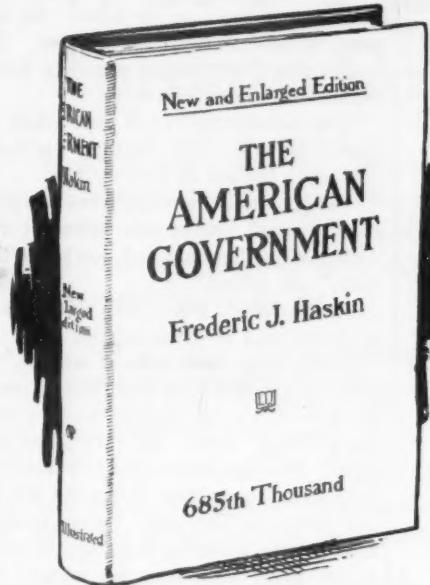
me a better business than I gave to you."

There had been cheers then, and some short speeches voicing their good wishes. They were confident that they could go on, just as they had always done, a confidence that lasted after the train bearing George Darling had pulled away, and for some days and even weeks thereafter. But as time went on they grew less assured. Business was no better. It was worse.

X.

BEN MOORE, with the memory of Darling's worried face before him, was quick to see the change. He didn't

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have to look far, either. They had planned a campaign to sell women the idea of the myriad uses for paint in the home. The idea was Darling's, one of the nest eggs he had left, but Ben had worked it out alone. He took the completed work to Packenham, pages of neatly prepared copy. "It's going to cost quite a little pot of money to put this across," he said, "what do you think of it?"

Packenham studied the copy carefully. "I don't know much about it," he said, "what do you think yourself?"

"I'm not sure. I wish Mr. Darling were here. He'd know right away."

It was next day that he met Packenham again.

"I've been thinking about that copy," he said, "I don't have to ask anyone's opinion, it's rotten."

"Well, do it again if you think so."

Ben Moore nodded and passed on.

It was a week or so later. He had come to take Miriam for a drive. She was waiting for him, a winsome figure in her long motor coat.

"I've something to tell you before we start," he said. "I'm leaving the firm."

Miriam turned on him swiftly.

"Why," she demanded, "has anything gone wrong? Have you talked it over with Mr. Packenham?—I don't like that man," she added.

Ben laughed, but there was a sense of uneasiness in his laughter.

"Let's take them one at a time," he said. "I don't like Packenham much myself—don't understand him or what he is doing. But I did take it up with him. Do you know what he said. I may be going a little daffy, but I didn't get it at all. He said: 'Well, it shows that you're thinking anyway. It proves something,' and then he added: 'I'd think it over, though.' But I have thought it over. And that brings me to your second question. Nothing's gone wrong except myself, and that's the 'why' also. I'm going to leave because I'm no good where I am. The business is going bad, and I'm not helping it to do anything else."

"But why?"

"Well, to be frank with you, I'm no good as an advertising man. I haven't got an idea in my head."

"But dad always thought such a lot of your work."

"My work! There's hardly been a bit of copy go out of that office in six years that is my work. Your Dad supplied the ideas, and showed me how to work them out and—and—I'm tired and ashamed of being an echo."

"But before you came to Dad, you were doing good work. That's how he found you. He often said so."

"I suppose so, but if I ever had anything, I've lost it. So I'm going to leave and try my hand at something else."

"Ben Moore, you're not going to do anything of the kind." Miriam's eyes flashed. "If you desert Dad now, just when he is in trouble and needs everyone to help him, I'll never forgive you, never."

"But it's not deserting—it's relieving him of an encumbrance."

"I don't believe you are an encumbrance, and if you are, you don't have to be."

"I wouldn't be if your Dad were here to help with the old suggestions. I'm afraid I've come rather to depend on him."

"And you've got to get over depending," she retorted sharply. And then in a softer voice, "I don't want to marry Dad's mind or anyone else's mind. I want to marry you. You don't have to have anybody think for you. If you had been that sort, I would never have come to care for you."

Ben was silent for a while. Then he turned to her with a laugh.

"That's an ultimatum, is it?"

Miriam only nodded soberly.

"All right, you're on! In less than a month's time, you'll be clamoring for our paint yourself. Now come along."

"I don't understand this illness of Dad's at all," Miriam said, as they left the lighted streets of the city and came out on the open road. "I've been down there several times you know, and I never saw anyone looking better. He's brown as though he were in the best of health, and he has to stay in those horrid rest-chairs all day. He seems restless, too. He was awfully glad to see me, but he did not seem to want me to stay long. Said just sitting there talking to me all day tired him. I don't understand it. He didn't look tired, he looked bored, but it must have been a lot better to have me to talk to than to have no one."

"It's a funny business altogether," Ben agreed.

XI.

THERE was the usual monthly gathering of salesmen. It lacked something. Perhaps it was the abounding enthusiasm that came with Darling's presence. They were glum and undemonstrative. Packenham was there, listening without comment, to the universal growl of complaint against business conditions.

After a while, he spoke and they turned to listen to him with lazy interest. His first words electrified them. "You know," he said, "Mr. Darling gave me no control over this business; I was just to be here to look on. I have just one authority, I have a sort of 'stop loss' order, and I'm sorry to have to tell you that unless you boys can get this business back into its stride in the next three months or less, I'll have no option but to close the plant."

In the profound silence that followed, there was the hint of amazement. They all knew that conditions were bad, but such a possibility had never crossed their minds. There came a babel of words, and above it Henry's voice, as he raised himself heavily to his feet.

"We didn't know it was that bad, Packenham," he said, "never dreamed it."

Packenham nodded.

"Mind you, I'm not saying it is any fault of you chaps. Conditions are bad. It may not be possible to mend them, but if it isn't, we've got to save something for Darling out of the wreck."

Henry was still standing.

"You hit pretty hard, Packenham, without knowing it," he said. "You remind me of what a chap said to me on the road almost a year ago. He said all we Empire chaps were like hungry sparrows waiting to be fed, and never going out to hunt worms for ourselves. I've been thinking about that a little. Perhaps it's right. I'm not saying it is, but perhaps it is."

Several of the older men nodded their heads gravely, and Henry continued: "We've got three months. I think we can prove to those chaps that we're not sparrows."

"Mind you," Packenham urged, "I don't know that the fault lies with you boys at all. I don't know anything about it."

But they drowned his words. "You leave it to us," they shouted, and Packenham smiled inwardly.

From that day the trend of business began to change. Nothing spectacular, no miraculous increase of sales. It was evidenced at first rather in a feeling that someone was fighting back, and through it all there grew a feeling of confidence, that came from no one knew where, born of no one knew what influence, unless it was some untangible feeling of strength within the men themselves.

Packenham was in the business office one morning when Logan called him into his office.

"I've an idea that we could cut down expenses all through this business by some changes I have in mind," he said.

"There never was a better time," Packenham agreed. Logan outlined his plan at some length.

"What do you think of it," he asked.

"I don't know much about it. It looks all right, but I don't know enough about the business to say. What do you think of it yourself?"

"I'm sure it's alright, all the same I hate to try it without consulting Darling. He might think differently—I suppose I'm pretty conservative and cautious," he admitted.

"I'm afraid you can't consult Darling," Packenham said, "so what are you going to do?"

Logan looked worried for a moment; then he stood up quickly.

"You have nothing to say on the matter?" he asked.

"No."

"Then I'm going to try it."

XII.

BUSINESS

Slowly but surely there was a steady upward creep of incoming business, and a steady downward creep of expense.

Ben Moore's campaign had taken hold, and no one was as enthusiastic as Miriam.

"I told you so," she said, "I told you you did not have to depend on Dad's ideas."

It was then that Packenham went to the telegraph office and sent a cryptic wire to George Darling. "You can get well in a month."

Just a month after Packenham's wire a bronzed and healthy Darling stepped off the northbound train to be greeted by a world of friendly faces.

"It's worth being sick," he said, with a little catch in his throat, "to get well again."

A day or so later some of his old cronies called on him. "Do you feel in

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good enough trim to have a little go on the links?" they asked.

Darling met the suggestion with enthusiasm.

"Nothing would please me better," he said.

"Poor old George, he'll be pretty well off his game by now," one of the group suggested in a muffled whisper, better let him pair with Everett. Then he won't look so bad."

But "poor old George" made the round with the best of them, and ended with a stroke a hole better than the rest.

"I've been putting at it a little of late," he admitted with a hidden smile.

"You're as good a man as you ever were, or need ever hope to be, you old pirate," they retorted affectionately.

But Darling's staff knew differently. He had lost something of his old time drive, his flair for ideas. There were times when his eyes brightened as they had used to do under the impulse of a compelling idea, but he had fallen silent as though the idea would not come. He waited for others' suggestions as though his long illness had tapped that full reservoir of initiative that had once been his.

Yes, his staff knew better. He had lost something. He depended on them more. Perhaps they were a little proud. He had been a good friend to them. What he had lost they would make up, and no one else should see. They threw themselves into the business with enthusiasm.

And George Darling sat back in his office chair and smiled.

"If anyone is going to lean," he said to himself, "it had better be me."

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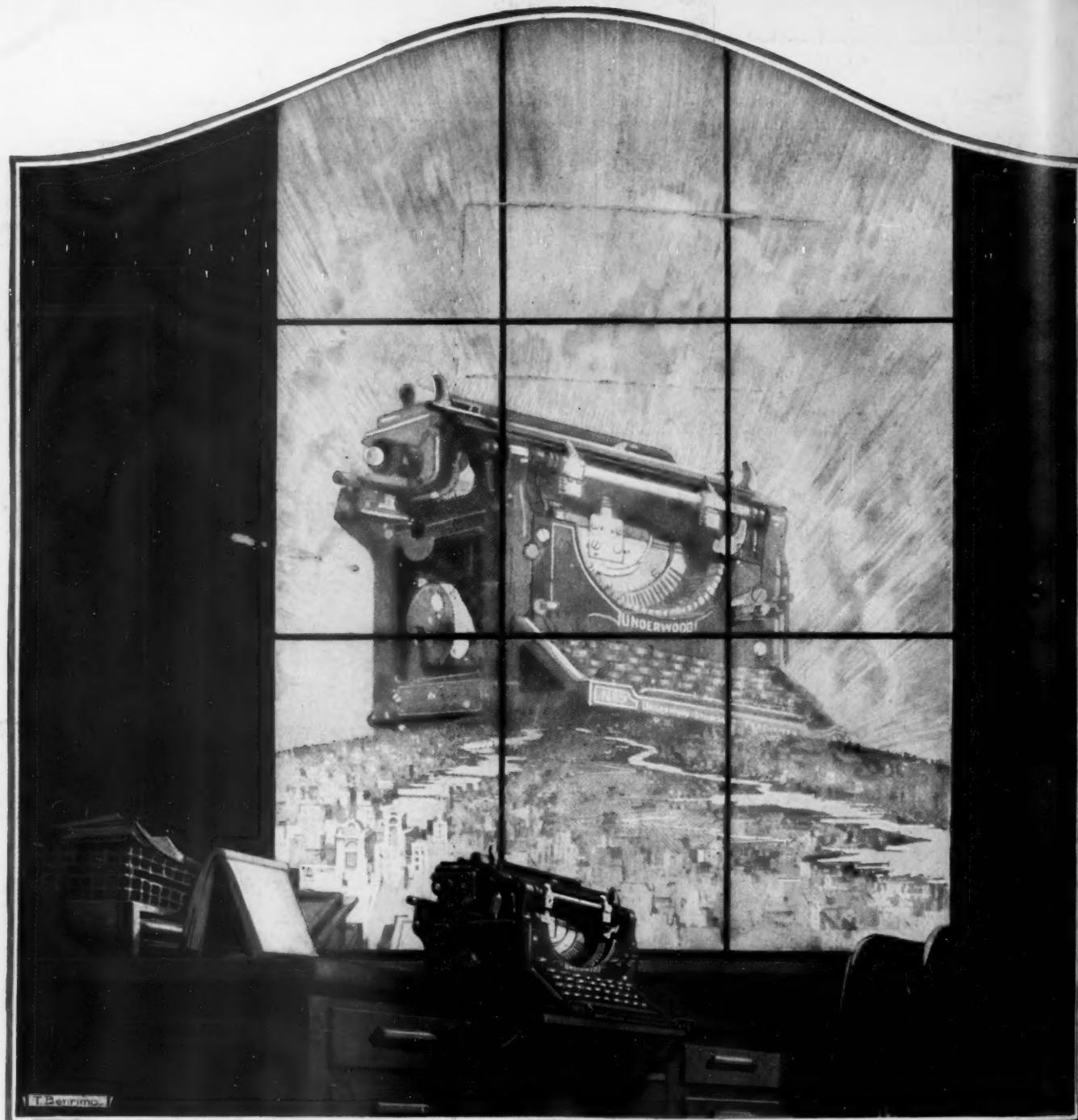
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